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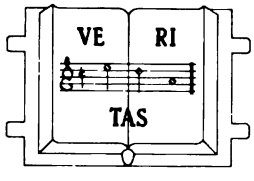
WITH MVSIC BY VARIOVS COMPOS-ERS

THE STEVENSON SONG-BOOK



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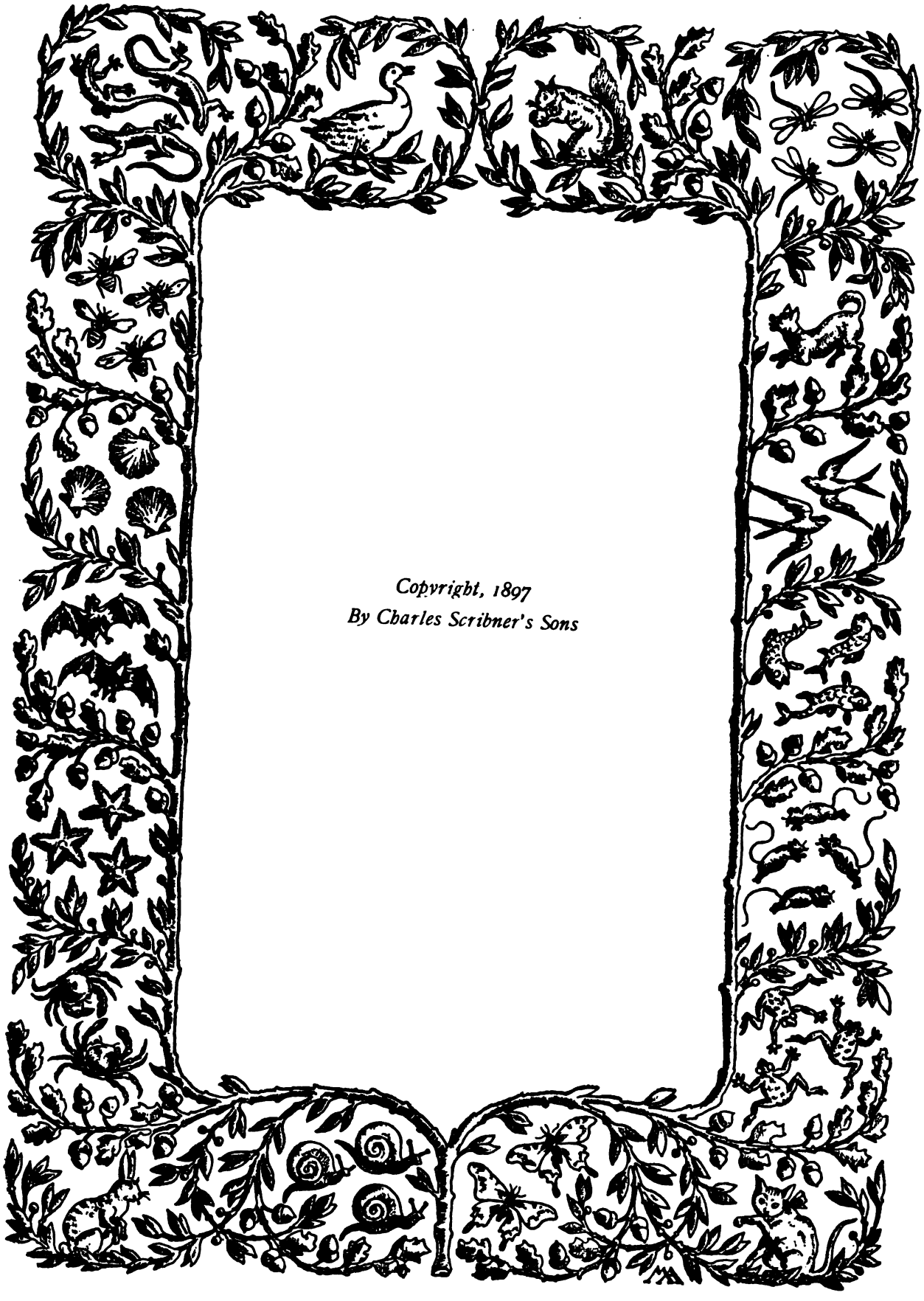
THE STEVENSON SONG-BOOK

VERSES FROM A CHILD'S GARDEN
BY ROBERT LOVIS STEVENSON

WITH MUSIC BY
VARIOUS
COMPOSERS

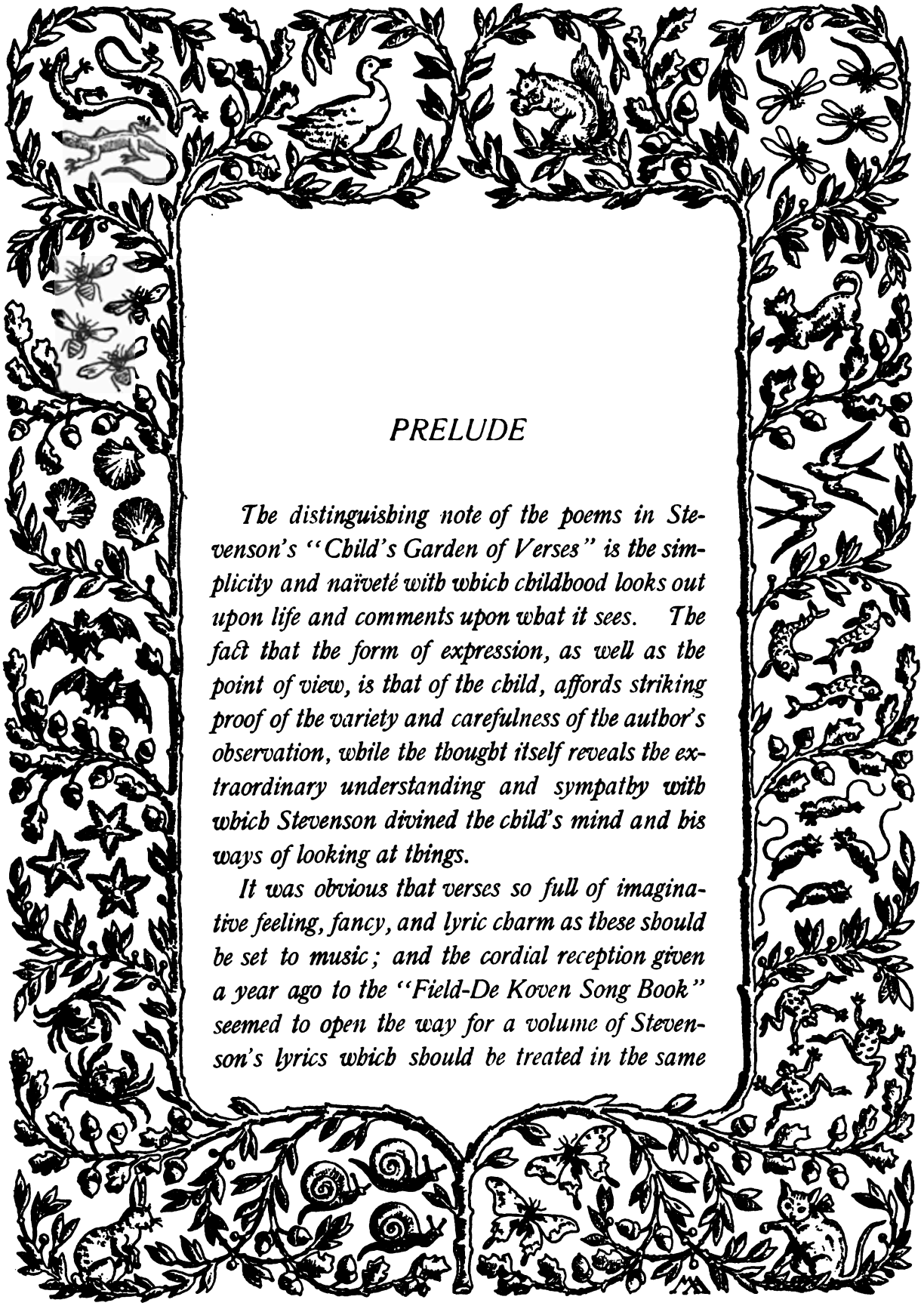
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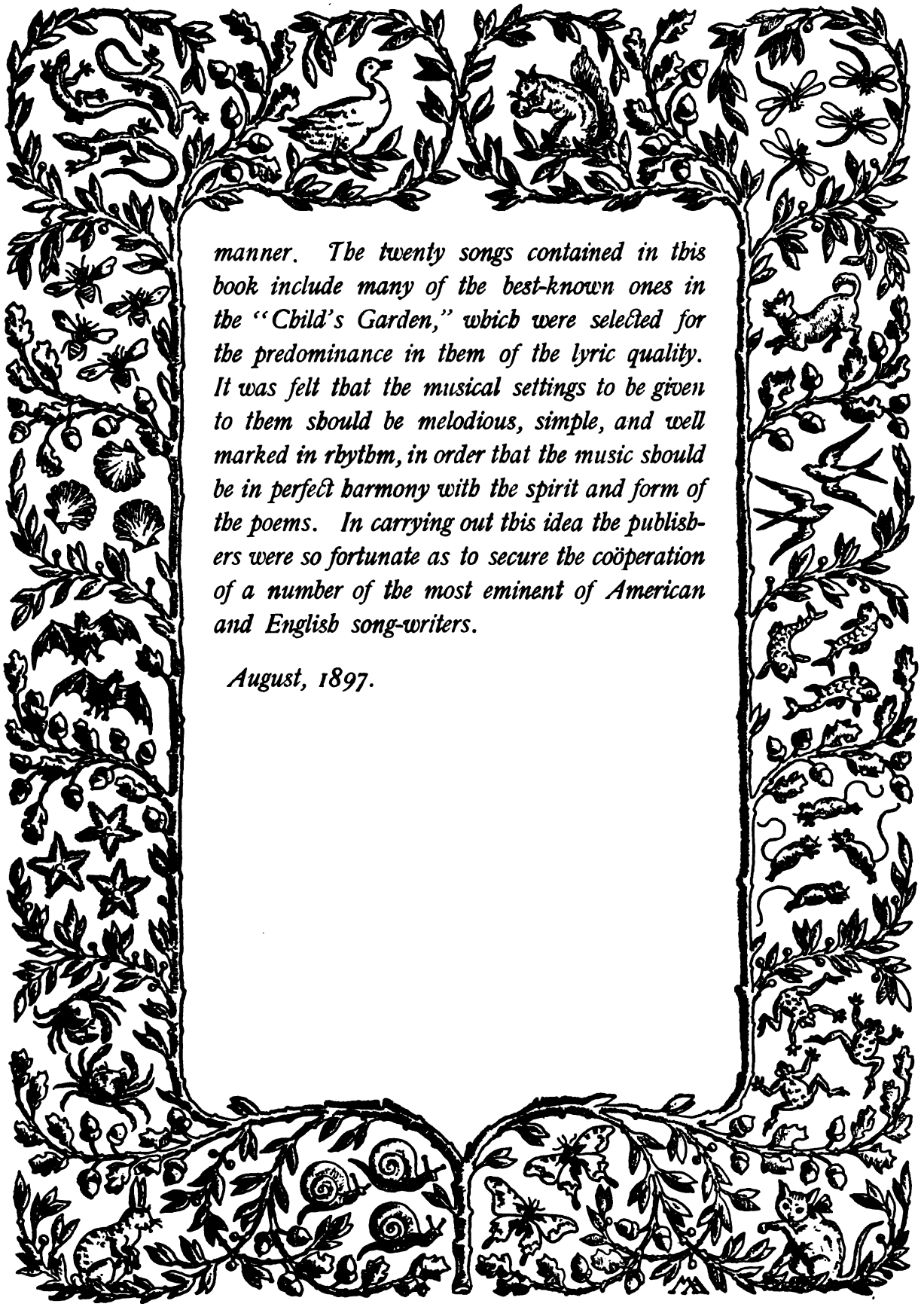
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PRELUDE

The distinguishing note of the poems in Stevenson's "Child's Garden of Verses" is the simplicity and naïveté with which childhood looks out upon life and comments upon what it sees. The fact that the form of expression, as well as the point of view, is that of the child, affords striking proof of the variety and carefulness of the author's observation, while the thought itself reveals the extraordinary understanding and sympathy with which Stevenson divined the child's mind and his ways of looking at things.

It was obvious that verses so full of imaginative feeling, fancy, and lyric charm as these should be set to music; and the cordial reception given a year ago to the "Field-De Koven Song Book" seemed to open the way for a volume of Stevenson's lyrics which should be treated in the same



manner. The twenty songs contained in this book include many of the best-known ones in the "Child's Garden," which were selected for the predominance in them of the lyric quality. It was felt that the musical settings to be given to them should be melodious, simple, and well marked in rhythm, in order that the music should be in perfect harmony with the spirit and form of the poems. In carrying out this idea the publishers were so fortunate as to secure the coöperation of a number of the most eminent of American and English song-writers.

August, 1897.

SONGS AND COMPOSERS

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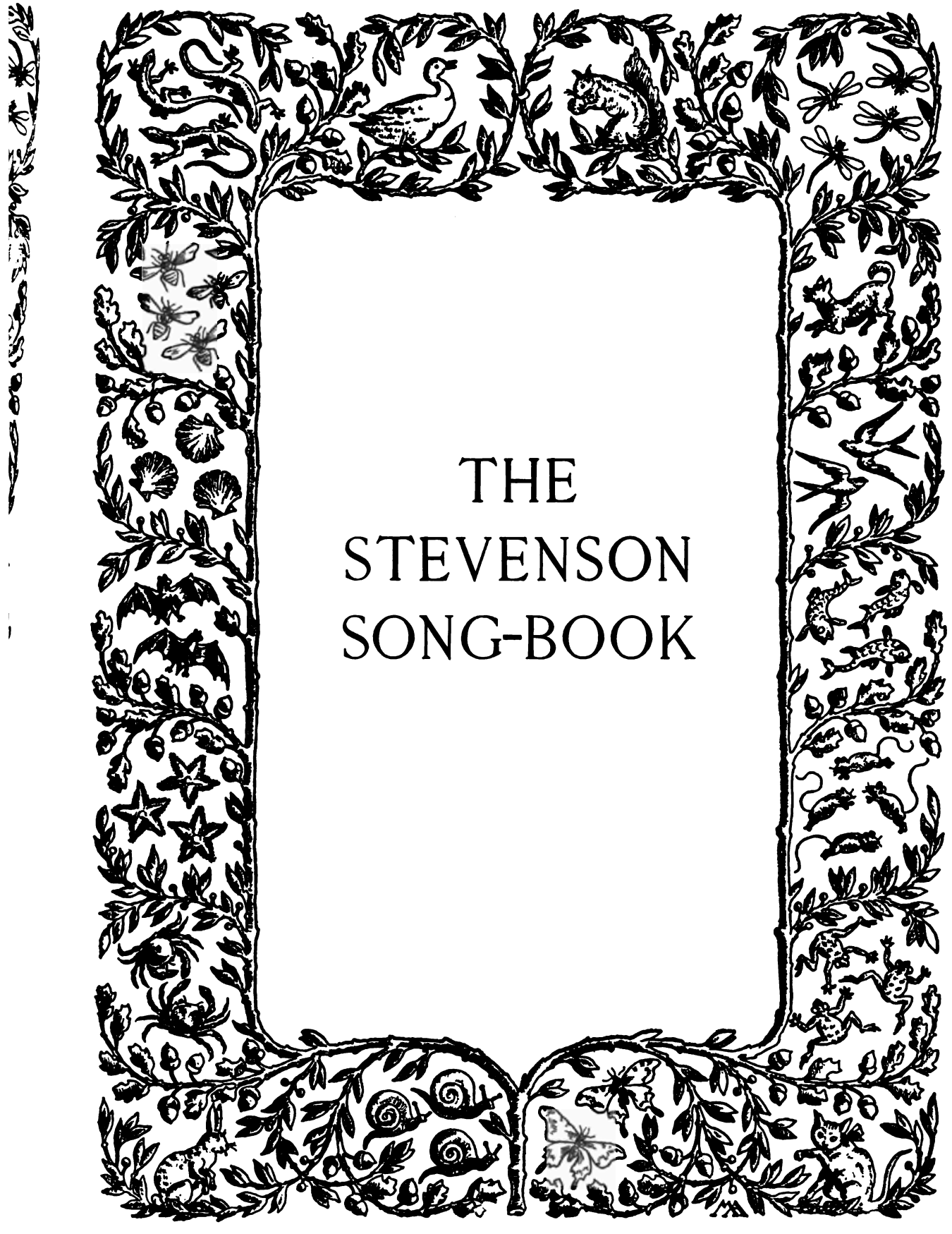
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THE STEVENSON SONG-BOOK

THE SWING

HOW do you like to go up in a swing,
Up in the air so blue?
Oh, I do think it the pleasantest thing
Ever a child can do!

Up in the air and over the wall,
Till I can see so wide,
Rivers and trees and cattle and all
Over the countryside—

Till I look down on the garden green,
Down on the roof so brown—
Up in the air I go flying again,
Up in the air and down!

THE SWING.

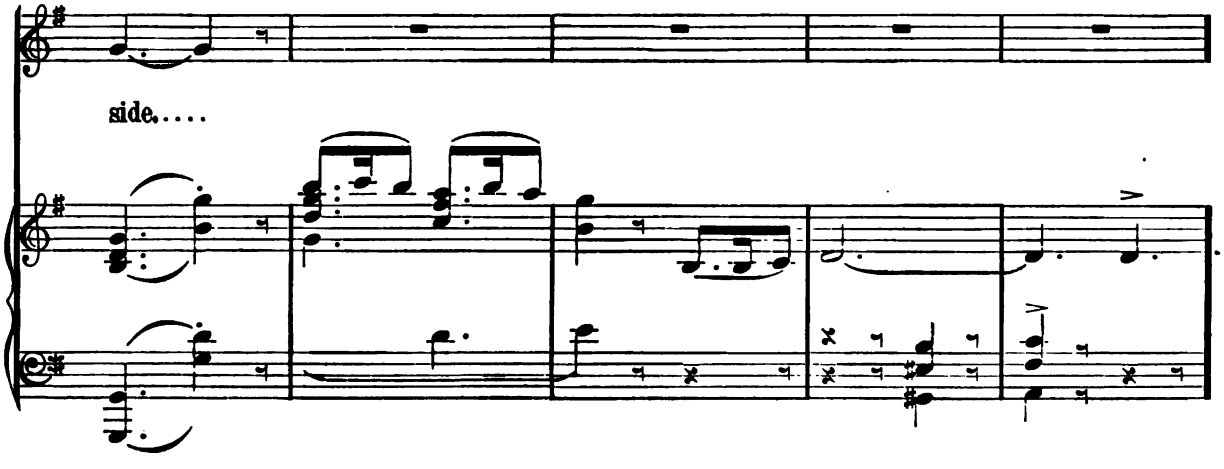
Allegretto.

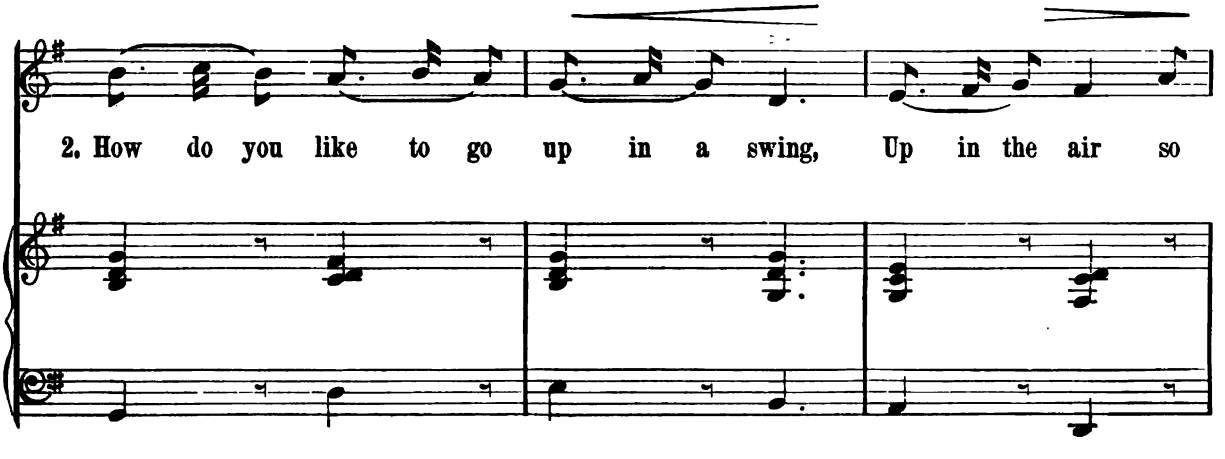
Music by REGINALD DE KOVEN. Op. 135, No. 2.




cres.
Ev - er a child can do!..... Up in the air.... and
o - ver the wall, Till I can see so wide,.....
cres.
cres.
Riv - ers and trees.. and cat - tle and all 0 - ver the coun - try -


f
p
rall.
side,..... Swing - ing, swing - ing, swing - ing, swing - ing, O - ver the coun - try
colla voce.


side.....


2. How do you like to go up in a swing, Up in the air so


cres.
Ev - er a child can do!..... Up in the air.... and
cres.
o - ver the wall, Till I can see so wide,.....
cres.
Riv - ers and trees.. and cat - tle and all 0 - ver the coun - try -


f
p
rall.
side,..... Swing - ing, swing - ing, swing - ing, swing - ing, O - ver the coun - try
colla voce.
side.....
2. How do you like to go up in a swing, Up in the air so


blue?.....
Oh, I do think it the pleas - ant - est thing
cres.
Ev - er a child can do!.....
Till I look down on the
cres.
gar - den green,
Down on the roof so brown—.....
cres.


Up in the air I go fly - ing a - gain, Up in the air and
f
down!..... Swing - ing, swing - ing, swing - ing, swing - ing, Up in the air and
p
rall.
colla voce.
down!....
pp
p rall.
Ped.
*

MY SHADOW

I HAVE a little shadow that goes in and out with me,
And what can be the use of him is more than I can see.
He is very, very like me from the heels up to the head;
And I see him jump before me, when I jump into my bed.

The funniest thing about him is the way he likes to grow—
Not at all like proper children, which is always very slow;
For he sometimes shoots up taller like an india-rubber ball,
And he sometimes gets so little that there 's none of him at all.

He has n't got a notion of how children ought to play,
And can only make a fool of me in every sort of way.
He stays so close beside me, he 's a coward you can see;
I 'd think shame to stick to nursie as that shadow sticks to me!

One morning, very early, before the sun was up,
I rose and found the shining dew on every buttercup;
But my lazy little shadow, like an arrant sleepy-head,
Had stayed at home behind me and was fast asleep in bed.

MY SHADOW.

Music by Dr. C. VILLIERS STANFORD.




what can be the use of him is more than I can see.
p
p
He is ver - y, ver - y like me from the
heels up to the head;
And I
see him jump be - fore me, when I jump in - to my bed.
p

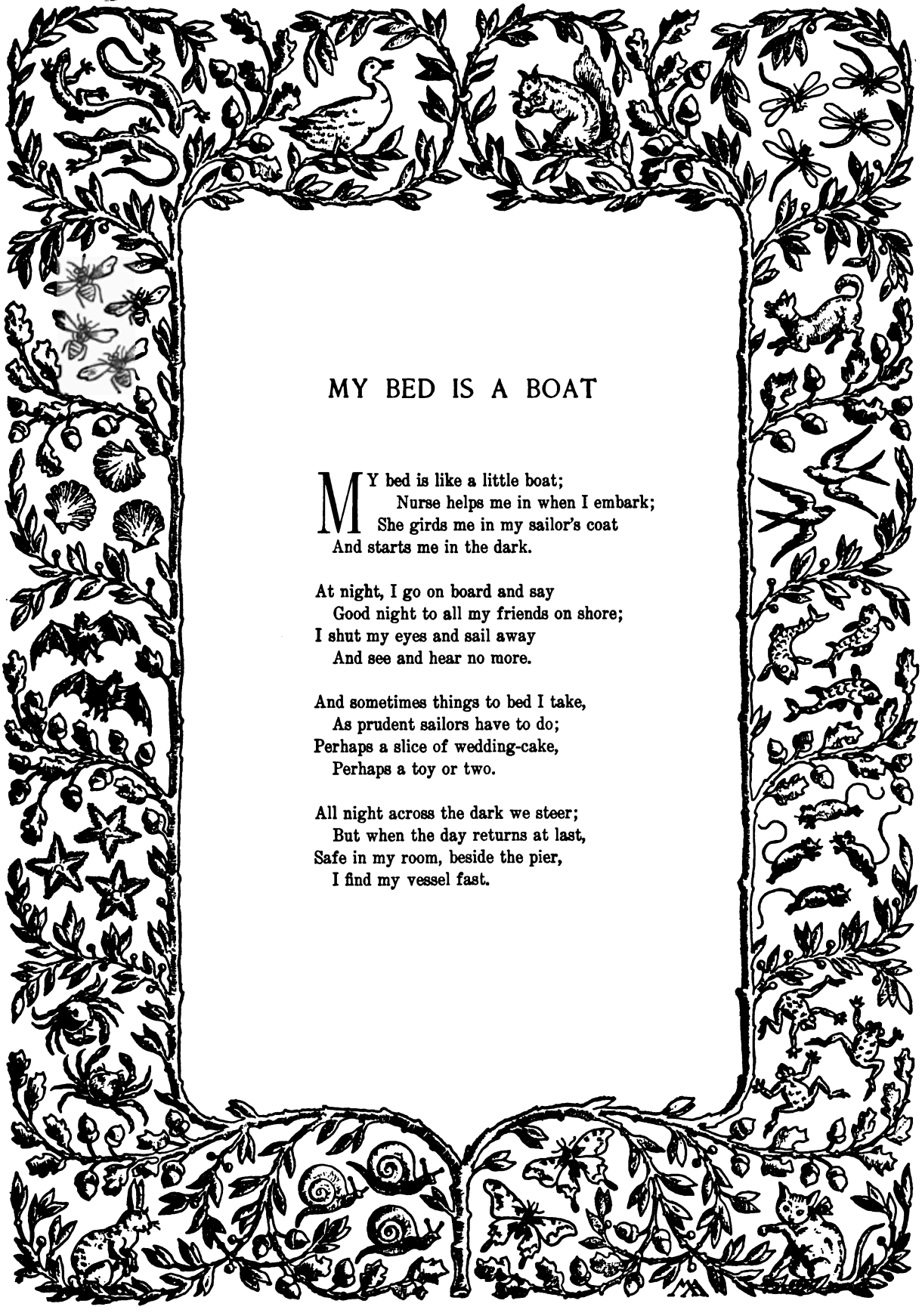

p
p
The
fun - niest thing a - bout him is the way he likes to grow— Not at
all like prop - er chil - dren, which is al - ways ver - y slow;
p
p


For he some - times shoots up tall - er like an
in - dia - rub - ber ball,
And he
some - times gets so lit - tle that there's none of him at all.
p
p


p
He
has - n't got a no - tion of how chil - dren ought to play, And can
on - ly make a fool of me in ev - 'ry sort of way.
p
p
He stays so close be - side me, he's a


cow - ard you can see;
I'd think
shame to stick to nur - sie as that shad - ow sticks to me!
p
poco più lento. p
One morn - ing, ver - y ear - ly, be - fore the sun was up, I
p


sempre più lento.
rose and found the shin - ing dew.... on ev - 'ry but - ter - cup; But my
pp
la - zy lit - tle shad - ow, like an ar - rant sleep - y - head, Had
pp
stayed at home be - hind me and was fast.... ..... a -
sleep in bed.
mp



MY BED IS A BOAT

MY bed is like a little boat;
Nurse helps me in when I embark;
She girds me in my sailor's coat
And starts me in the dark.

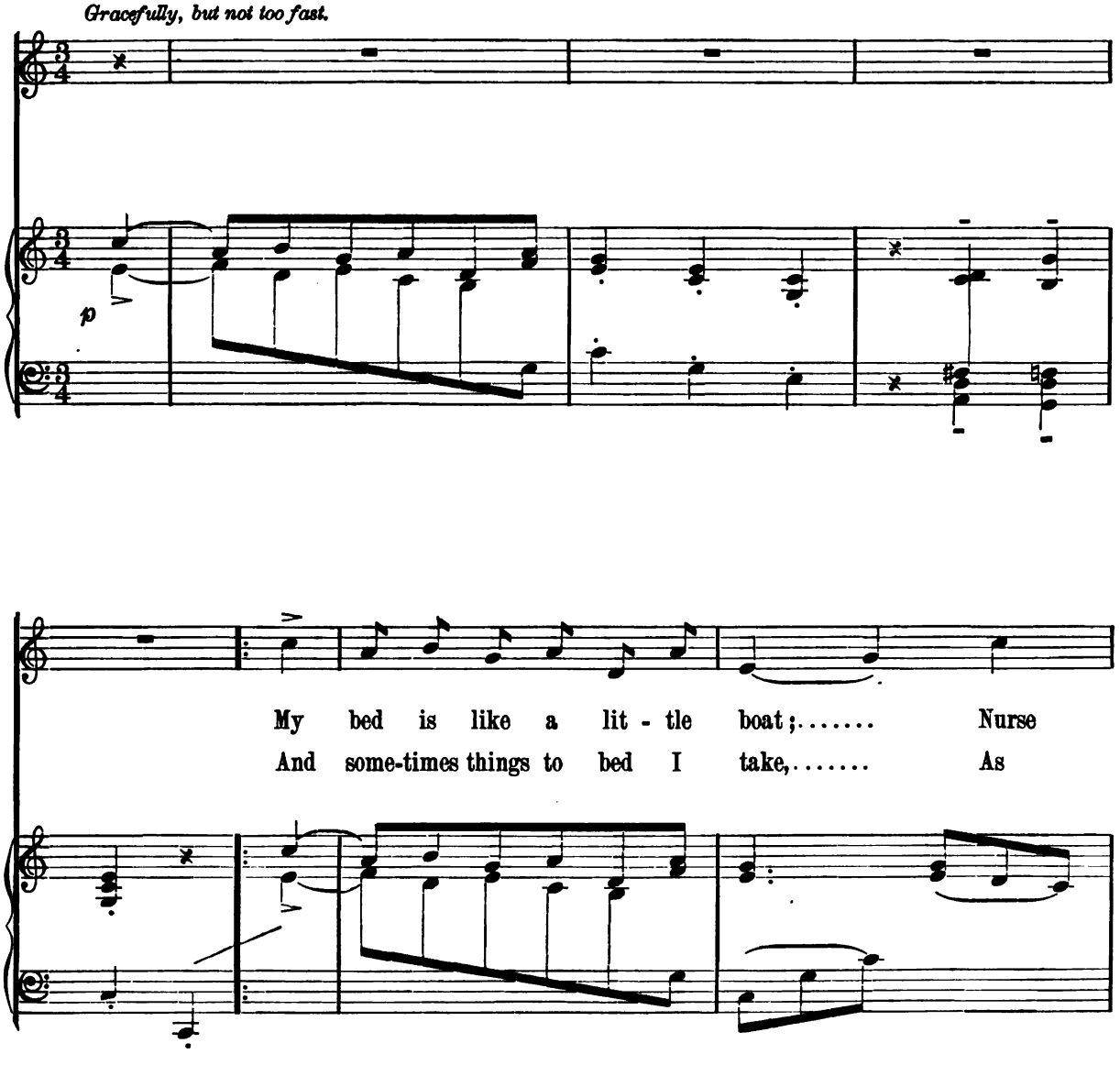
At night, I go on board and say
Good night to all my friends on shore;
I shut my eyes and sail away
And see and hear no more.

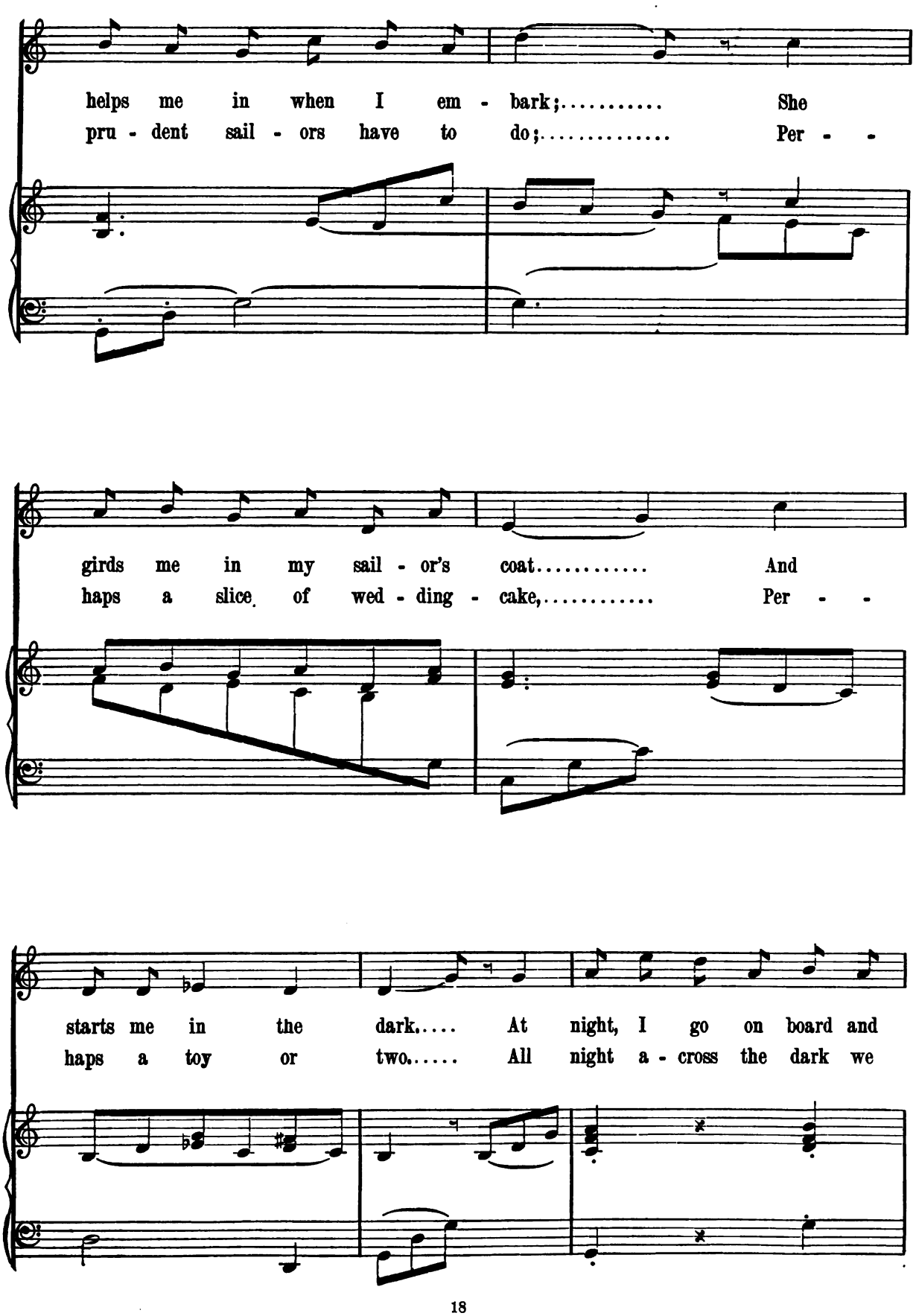
And sometimes things to bed I take,
As prudent sailors have to do;
Perhaps a slice of wedding-cake,
Perhaps a toy or two.

All night across the dark we steer;
But when the day returns at last,
Safe in my room, beside the pier,
I find my vessel fast.

MY BED IS A BOAT.

Music by W. W. GILCHRIST.




helps me in when I em - bark;..... She
pru - dent sail - ors have to do;..... Per - -
girds me in my sail - or's coat..... And
haps a slice of wed - ding - cake,..... Per - -
starts me in the dark..... At night, I go on board and
haps a toy or two..... All night a - cross the dark we


say..... Good - night to all my friends on shore; I
steer;..... But when the day re - turns at last, Safe
1st Time.
shut my eyes and sail a - way,.... And see and hear no more.
in my room, be - side the pier,.... I find my ves - sel
2d Time.
fast.

PIRATE STORY

THREE of us afloat in the meadow by the swing,
Three of us aboard in the basket on the lea.
Winds are in the air, they are blowing in the spring,
And waves are on the meadow like the waves there are at sea.

Where shall we adventure, to-day that we 're afloat,
Wary of the weather and steering by a star?
Shall it be to Africa, a-steering of the boat,
To Providence, or Babylon, or off to Malabar?

Hi! but here 's a squadron a-rowing on the sea—
Cattle on the meadow a-charging with a roar!
Quick, and we 'll escape them, they 're as mad as they can be,
The wicket is the harbour and the garden is the shore.

PIRATE STORY.

Music by Dr. C. VILLIERS STANFORD.

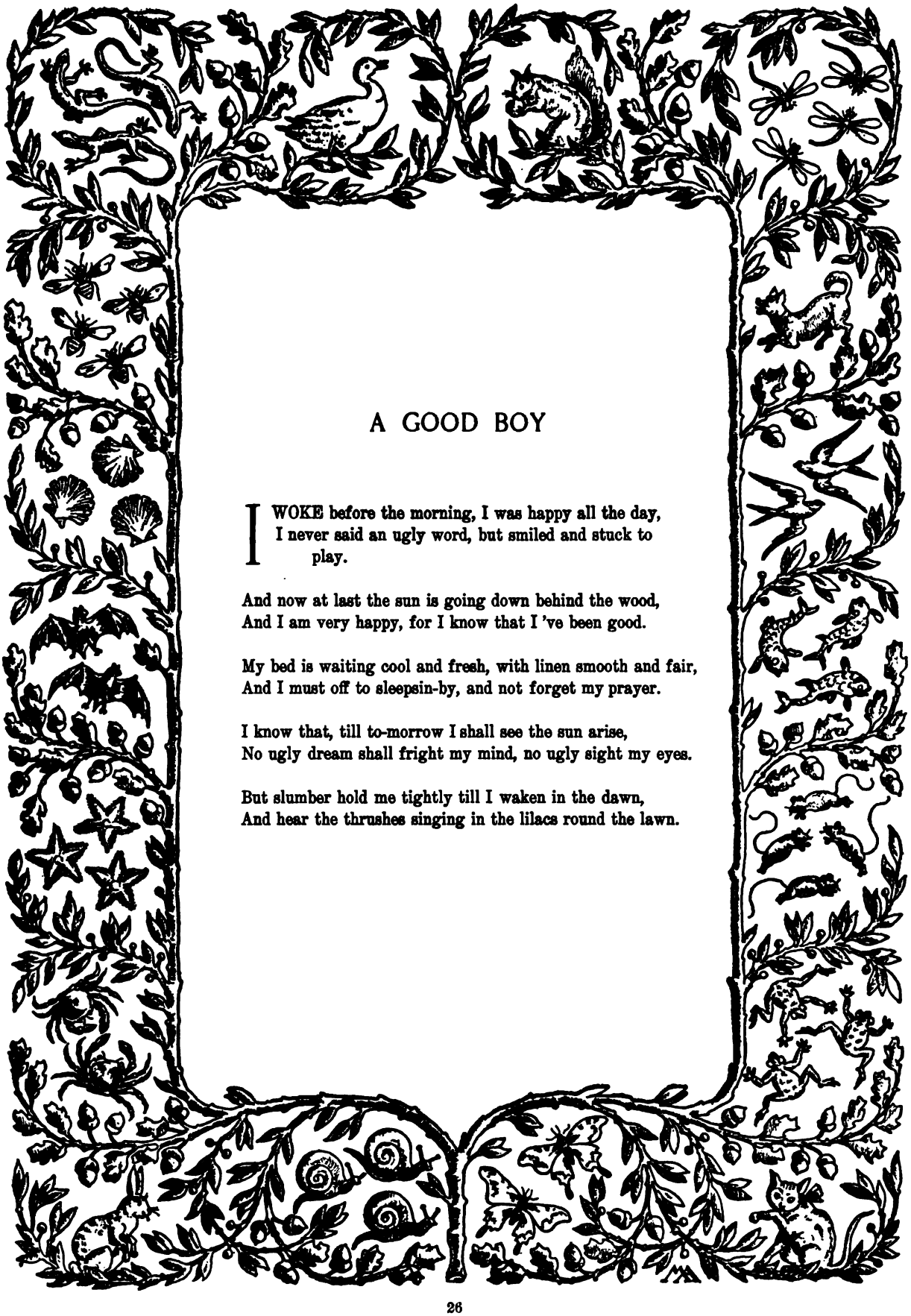



board in.... the bas - ket on... the lea.....
f
Winds are in the air, they.. are blow - ing in the
spring,... .... And waves are on the mead - ow like.... the
waves there are at sea.
mf


Where shall we.... ad - ven - - ture,.. to -
p
day that we're a - float,..... Wa - ry of.... the
weath - er... and steer - ing by.. a star?.....
f
Shall it be to Af - ri - ca, a - steer - ing of the


boat,..... To Prov - i - dence, or Bab - y - lon,... or
off to Ma - la - bar?
p
f
Hi! but here's.. a squad - ron.... a -
cresc.
f
row - ing on the sea,..... Cat - tle on ... the


cresc.
sf
mead - ow.... a - charg - ing with a roar! Quick, and we'll es -
cresc.
sf
p
cape them, they're as mad as they can be,..... The
wick - et is the har - bor and.... the gar - den is the
shore.
f



A GOOD BOY

I WOKE before the morning, I was happy all the day,
I never said an ugly word, but smiled and stuck to play.

And now at last the sun is going down behind the wood,
And I am very happy, for I know that I 've been good.

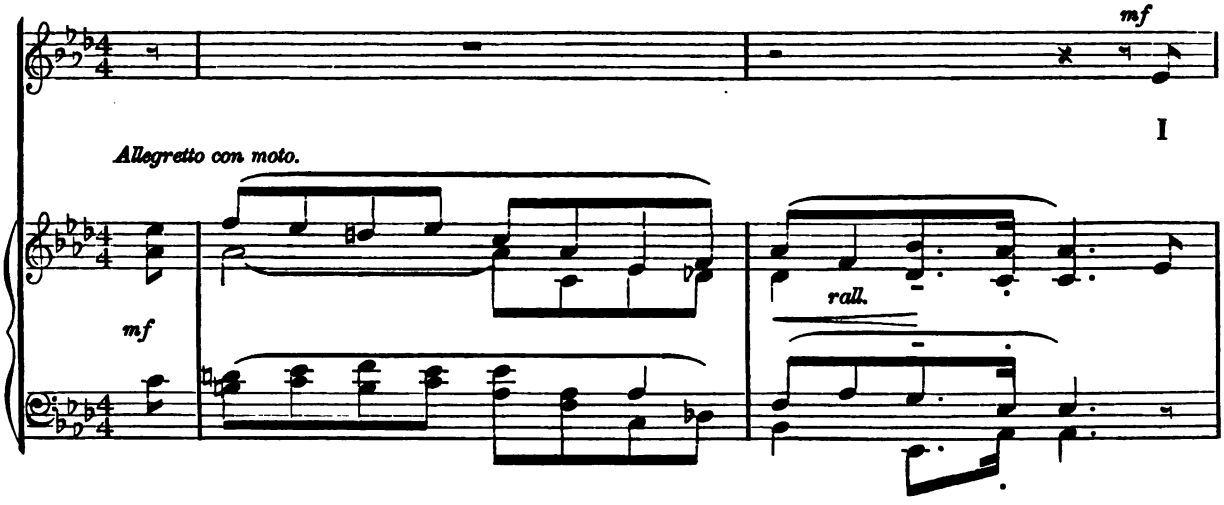
My bed is waiting cool and fresh, with linen smooth and fair,
And I must off to sleepsin-by, and not forget my prayer.

I know that, till to-morrow I shall see the sun arise,
No ugly dream shall fright my mind, no ugly sight my eyes.

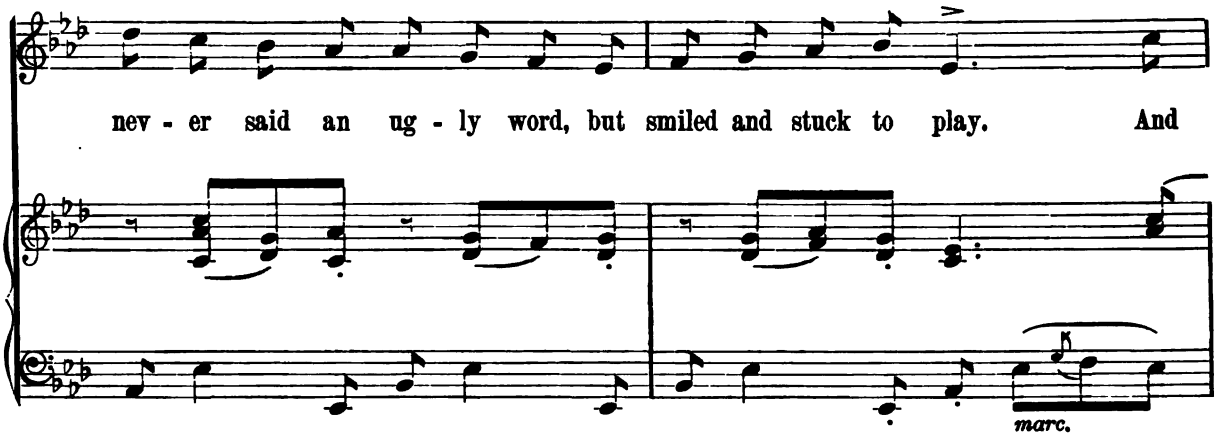
But slumber hold me tightly till I waken in the dawn,
And hear the thrushes singing in the lilacs round the lawn.

A GOOD BOY.

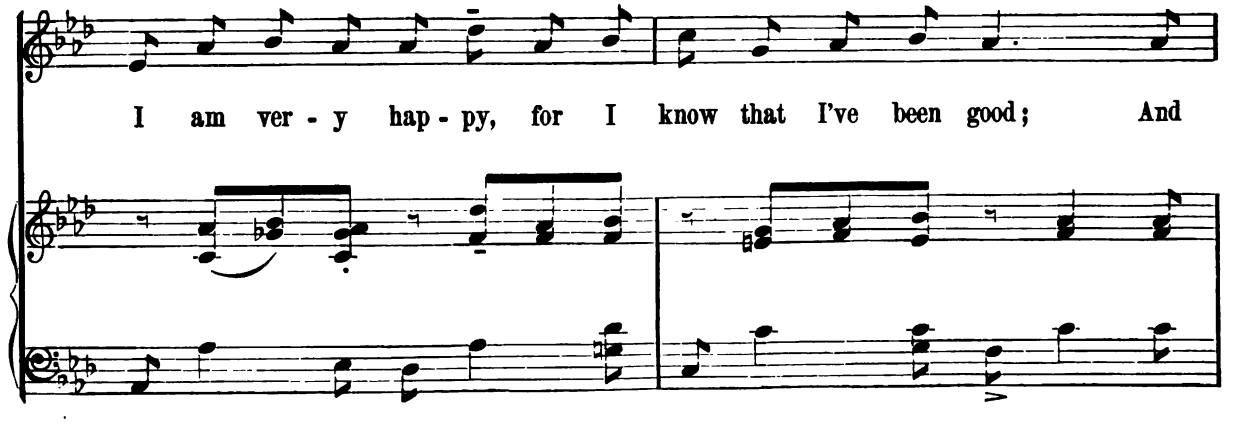
Music by HOMER N. BARTLETT. Op. 167. No. 2.






nev - er said an ug - ly word, but smiled and stuck to play. And
marc.


now, at last, the sun is go - ing down be - hind the wood, And
ten.


I am ver - y hap - py, for I know that I've been good; And


cres.
f
f rall.
I am ver - ry hap - py, for I know that I've been good.
cres.
f
f rall.
f


a tempo.
dim. e rall.
pp
pp


Andante.
My bed is wait - ing cool and fresh,... .....
Andante.
Dolce. una corde.


With lin - en.... smooth..... and fair,
rit.
marc.

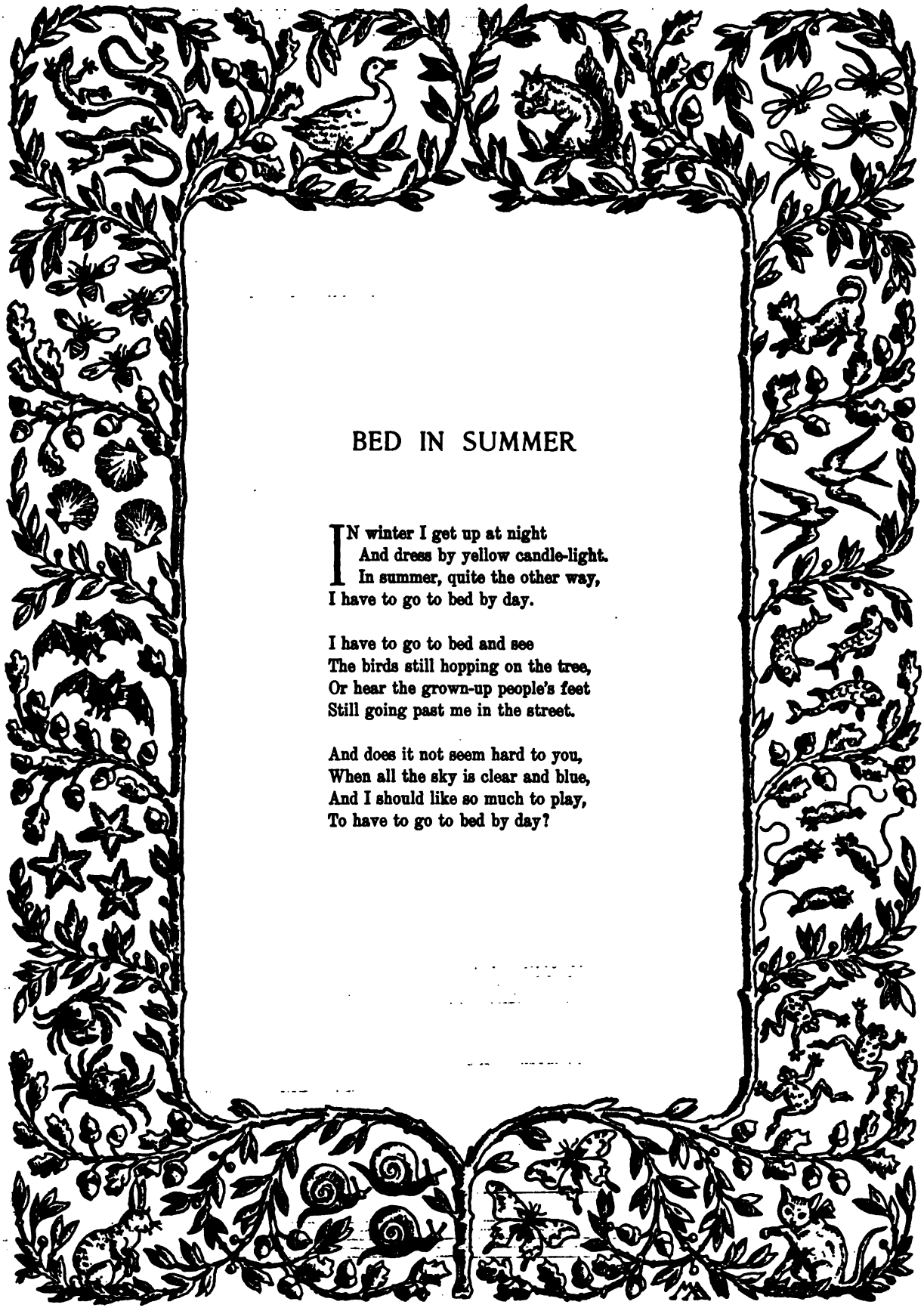

And I must off to sleep - sin - by,


And... not for - - get my prayer.....
cres.
poco rall.


p
And I must off to sleep - sin - by,
p
rall.
And not for - get..... my prayer.
rall.
I
f
rall.


Tempo I^mo.
know that till to - mor - row I shall see the sun a - rise, No
Tempo I^mo.
ug - ly dream shall fright my mind, no ug - ly sight my eyes. But
marc.
slum - ber hold me tight - ly till I wak - en in the dawn, And
ten.


cres.
hear the thrush-es sing-ing in the li-lacs round the lawn, And
cres.
cres.
f
rall.
hear the thrush-es sing-ing in the li-lacs round the lawn.
cres.
f
rall.
f
Animato.
dim. e
rall.



BED IN SUMMER

IN winter I get up at night
And dress by yellow candle-light.
In summer, quite the other way,
I have to go to bed by day.

I have to go to bed and see
The birds still hopping on the tree,
Or hear the grown-up people's feet
Still going past me in the street.

And does it not seem hard to you,
When all the sky is clear and blue,
And I should like so much to play,
To have to go to bed by day?

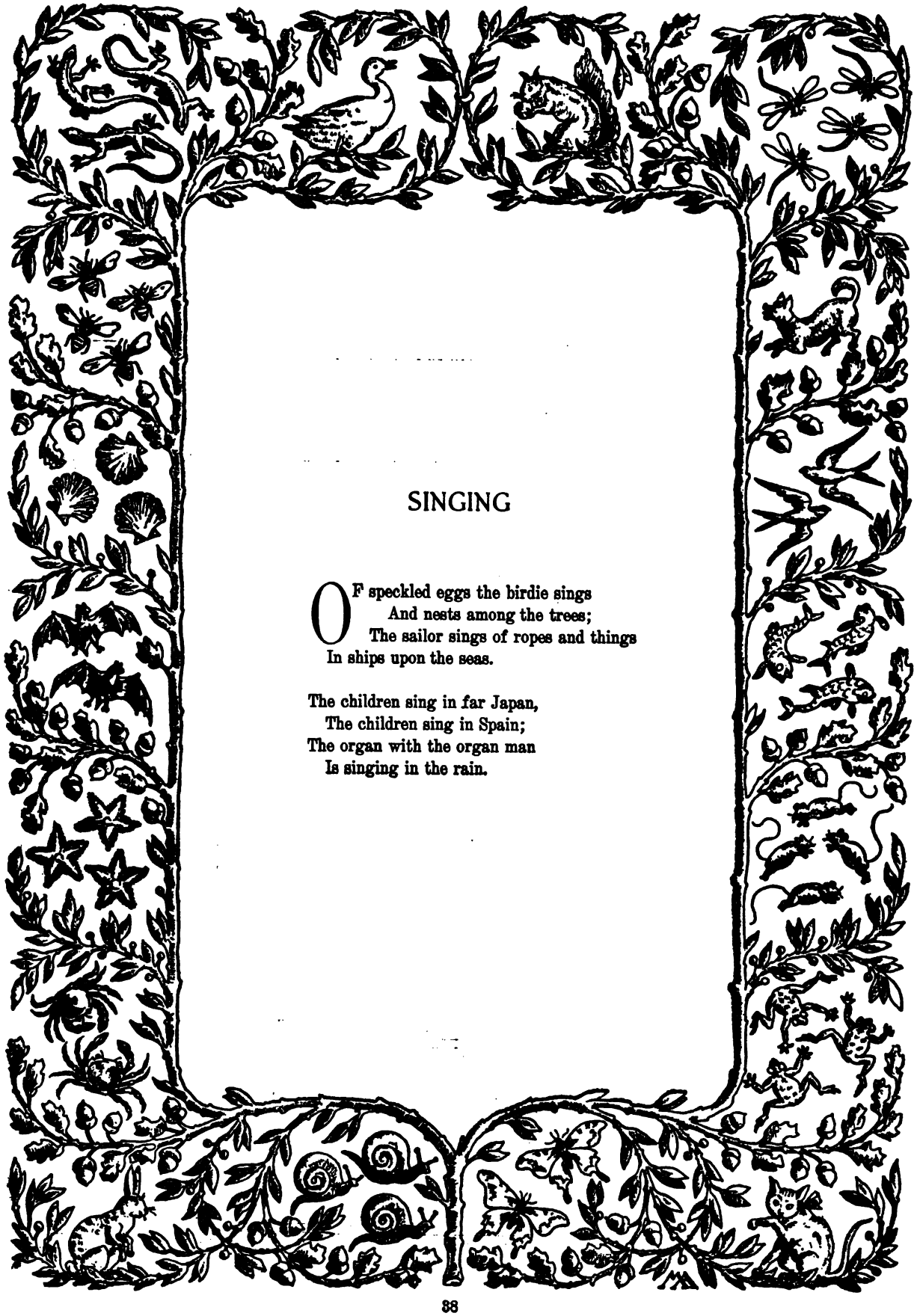
BED IN SUMMER.

Music by Dr. C. VILLIERS STANFORD.




sum - mer, quite the oth - er way, I have to go to
p
bed by day. I have to go to
cresc.
bed and see The birds still hop - ping on the tree, Or
f
staccato.
cresc.
hear the grown - up peo - ple's feet Still go - ing past me


mf
in the street.
And does it not seem
f
p
hard to you, When all the sky is clear and
blue, And I should like so much to play,
p
p
rall.
To have to go to bed by day?



SINGING

OF speckled eggs the birdie sings
And nests among the trees;
The sailor sings of ropes and things
In ships upon the seas.

The children sing in far Japan,
The children sing in Spain;
The organ with the organ man
Is singing in the rain.

SINGING.

Music by C. B. HAWLEY.




nests a - mong the trees; The sail - or sings of
ropes and things In ships up - on the seas. Of
rit.
speck - led eggs the bird - ie sings, And nests a - mong the
rit.


trees;..... The sail - or sings of ropes and things In
ships up - on the seas.
The chil - dren sing in


far Ja - pan, The chil - dren sing in Spain; The
or - gan with the or - gan - man Is sing - ing in the
rain. The chil - dren sing in far Ja - pan, The


chil - dren sing in Spain,..... The or - gan with the
rit.
or - gan - man Is sing - ing in the
rit.
a tempo.
rain.
a tempo.

WHERE GO THE BOATS?

DARK brown is the river,
Golden is the sand.
It flows along for ever,
With trees on either hand.

Green leaves a-floating,
Castles of the foam,
Boats of mine a-boating—
Where will all come home?

On goes the river
And out past the mill,
Away down the valley,
Away down the hill.

Away down the river,
A hundred miles or more,
Other little children
Shall bring my boats ashore.

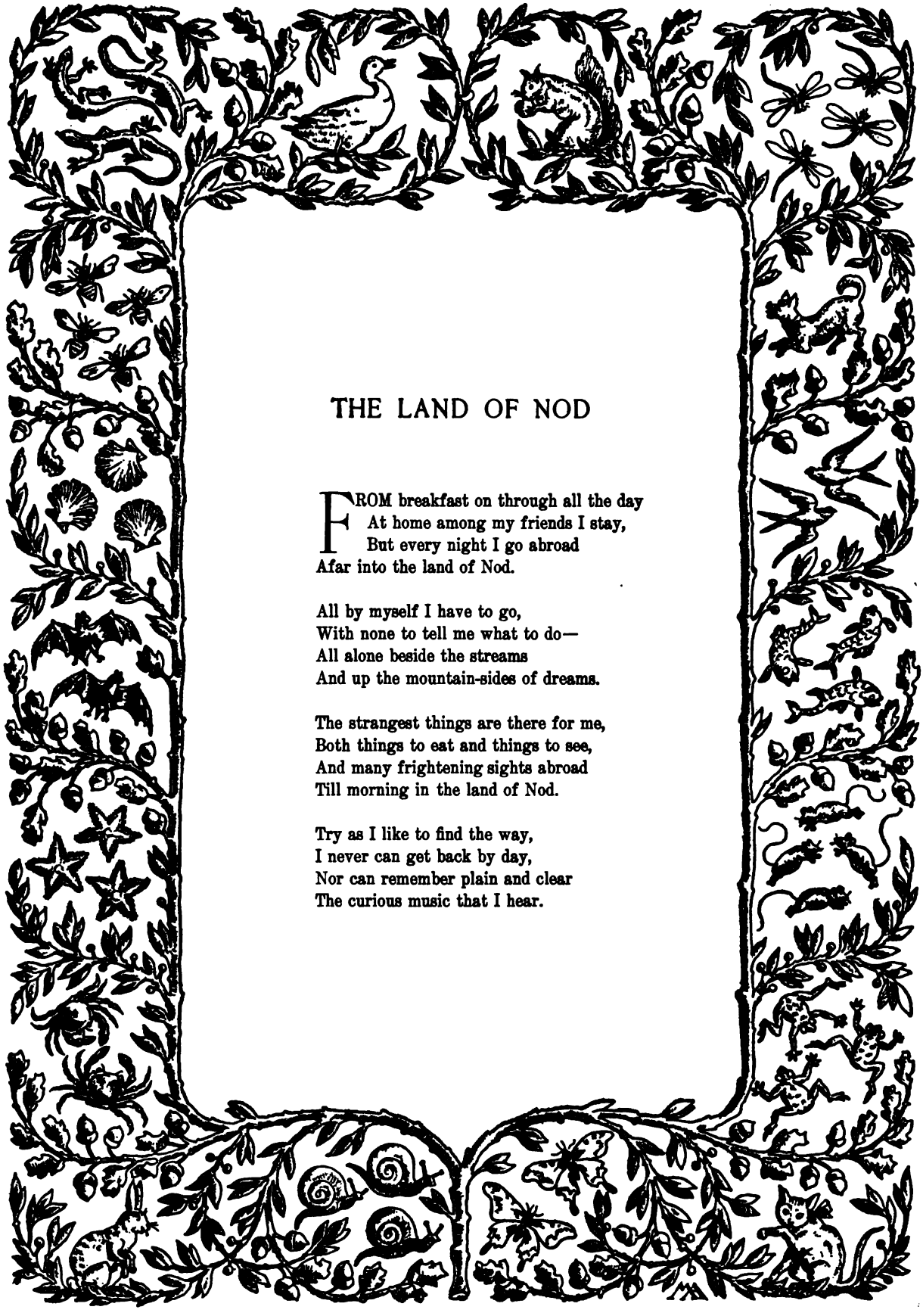
WHERE GO THE BOATS.

Music by Dr. C. VILLIERS STANFORD.




Cas - tles of the foam,..... Boats of mine a -
boat - ing— Where..... will all come home?
On goes the riv - er And out past the
pp
mill, A - way down the val - ley, A - way.....


down the hill.
A - way down the
pp
riv - er, A hun - dred miles or more,.....
Oth - er lit - tle chil - dren Shall bring..... my boats a -
shore.



THE LAND OF NOD

FROM breakfast on through all the day
At home among my friends I stay,
But every night I go abroad
Afar into the land of Nod.

All by myself I have to go,
With none to tell me what to do—
All alone beside the streams
And up the mountain-sides of dreams.

The strangest things are there for me,
Both things to eat and things to see,
And many frightening sights abroad
Till morning in the land of Nod.

Try as I like to find the way,
I never can get back by day,
Nor can remember plain and clear
The curious music that I hear.

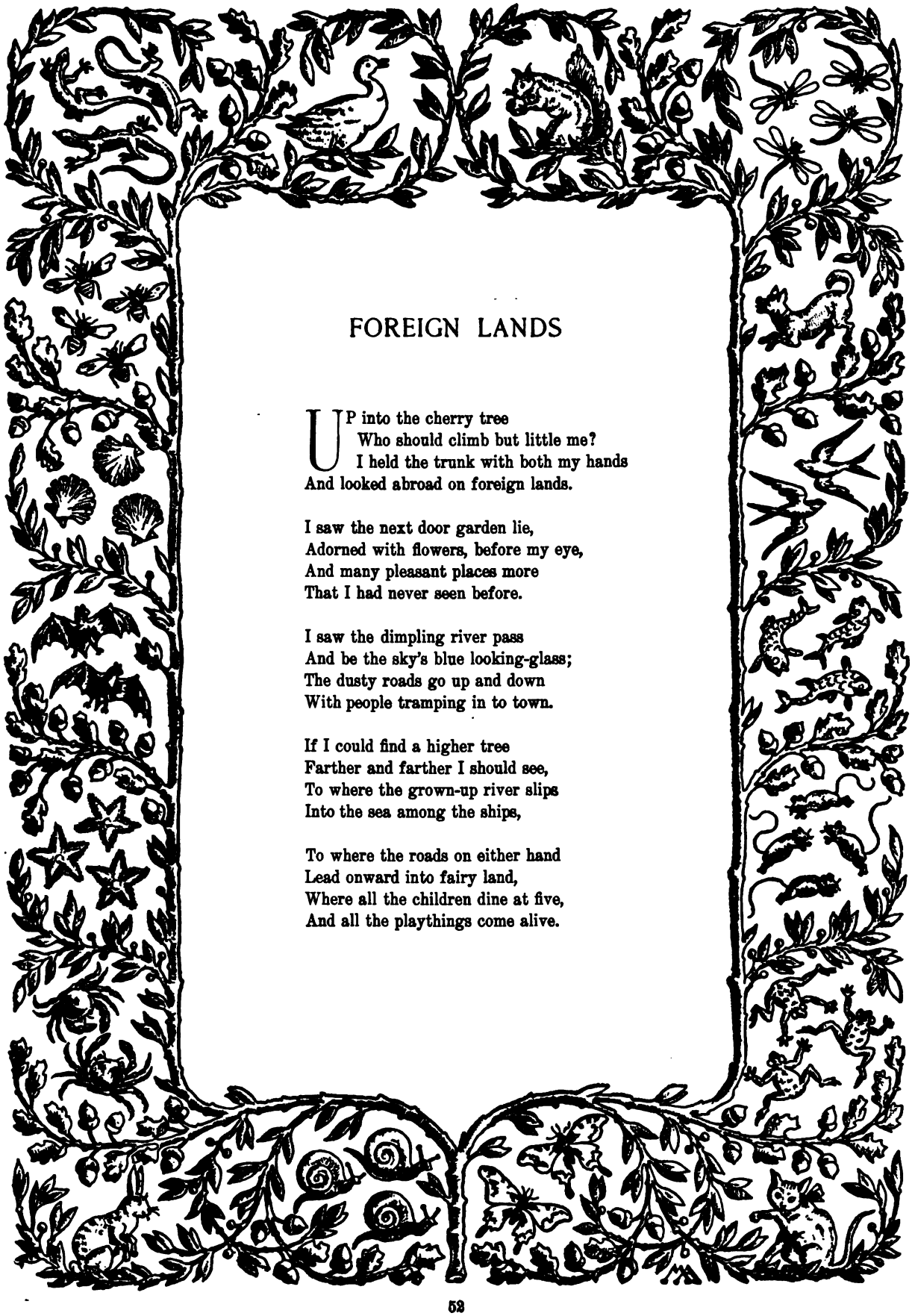
THE LAND OF NOD.

Music by W. W. GILCHRIST.




far in - to the land of Nod!.... Nod! Nod!
morn - ing in the land of Nod!.... Nod! Nod!
pp
Nod! Nod! Nod!..... .....
Nod! Nod! Nod!.....
mf
All by my - self I
Try as I like to
have to go, With none to tell me what to do— All,
find the way, I nev - er can get back by day, Nor


all a - lone be - side the streams And up the mount - ain -
can re - mem - ber plain and clear The cu - rious mu - sic
sides of dreams; All, all a - lone be - side the streams, And
that I hear; Nor can re - mem - ber plain and clear The
1st Verse.
up the mount-ain - sides of dreams.....
cu - rious mu - sic that I
2d Verse.
hear.....
A very little slower.
pp
ppp
Ped.



FOREIGN LANDS

UP into the cherry tree
Who should climb but little me?
I held the trunk with both my hands
And looked abroad on foreign lands.

I saw the next door garden lie,
Adorned with flowers, before my eye,
And many pleasant places more
That I had never seen before.

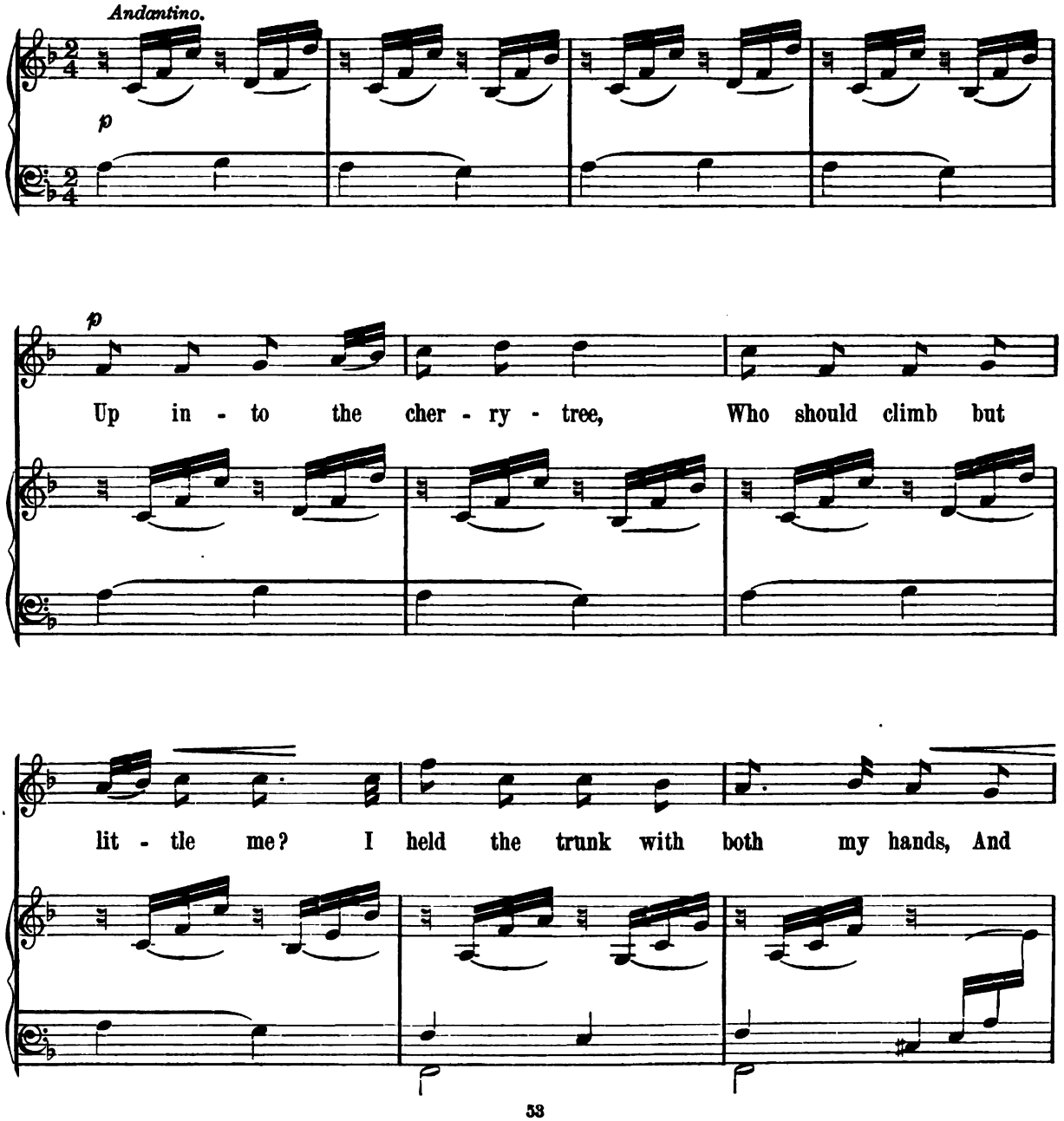
I saw the dimpling river pass
And be the sky's blue looking-glass;
The dusty roads go up and down
With people tramping in to town.

If I could find a higher tree
Farther and farther I should see,
To where the grown-up river slips
Into the sea among the ships,

To where the roads on either hand
Lead onward into fairy land,
Where all the children dine at five,
And all the playthings come alive.

FOREIGN LANDS.

Music by Dr. C. VILLIERS STANFORD.

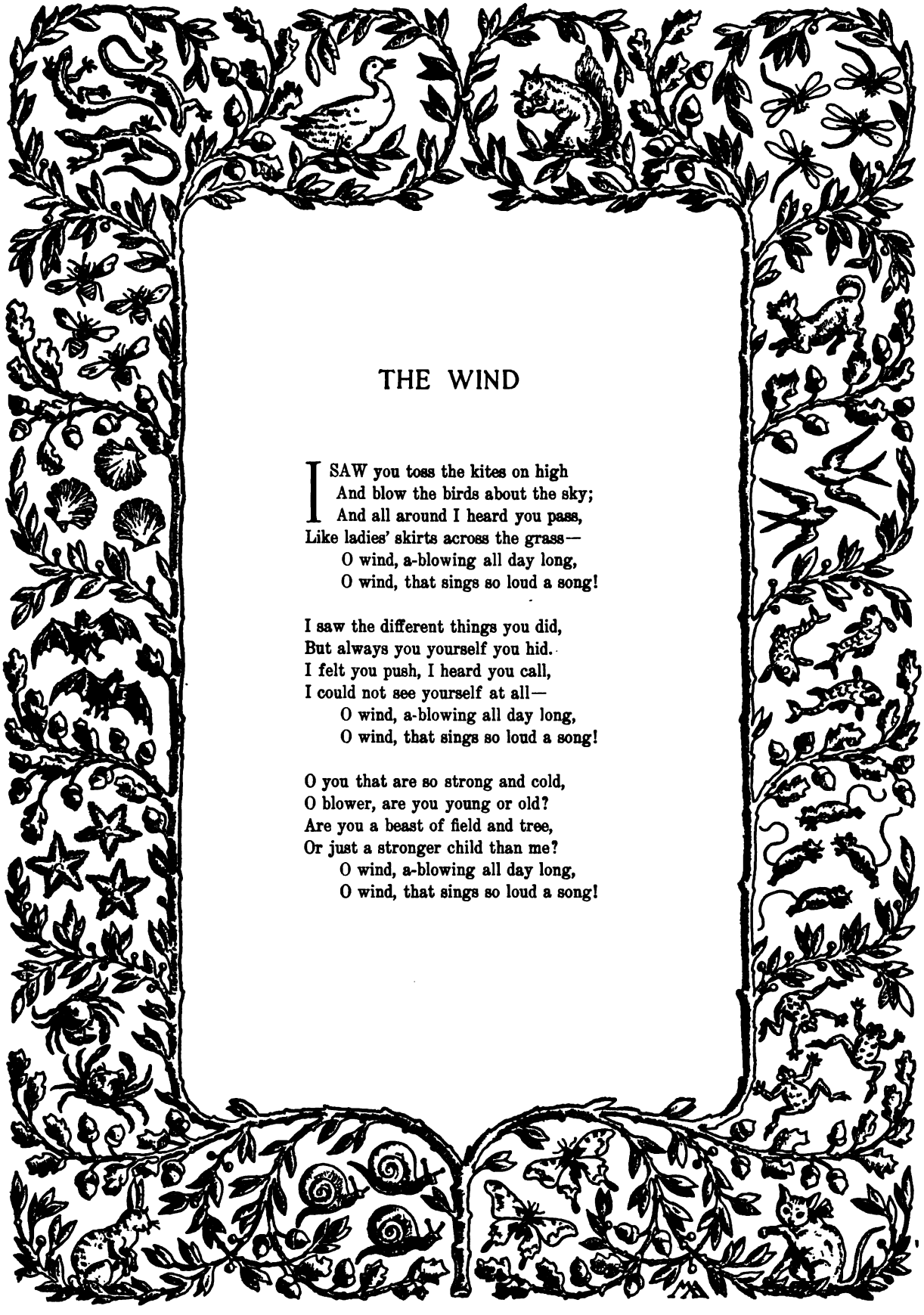



look'd a - broad on for - eign lands.
p
mf
I saw the next - door gar - den lie, A -
mf
dorn'd with flow'rs, be - fore my eye, And
p
ma - ny pleas - ant plac - es more That I had nev - er seen be -


fore.
I
saw the dim - pling riv - er pass And be the sky's blue
look - ing - glass; The dus - ty roads go up and down With
peo - ple tramp-ing in - to town.


mf
If I could find a high - er tree,...
mf
Far - ther and far - ther I should see, To
p
where the grown - up riv - er slips.. In - to the sea a -
mong the ships, To where the roads on..
pp


ei - ther hand..... Lead on - ward in - to fai - ry - land,—
cresc.
Where all the chil - dren
f
dine at five, And all the play-things come.. a - live.....
cresc.
mf scherzando.
f
p



THE WIND

I SAW you toss the kites on high
And blow the birds about the sky;
And all around I heard you pass,
Like ladies' skirts across the grass—
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

I saw the different things you did,
But always you yourself you hid.
I felt you push, I heard you call,
I could not see yourself at all—
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

O you that are so strong and cold,
O blower, are you young or old?
Are you a beast of field and tree,
Or just a stronger child than me?
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

THE WIND.

Music by REGINALD DE KOVEN. Op. 135, No. 1.



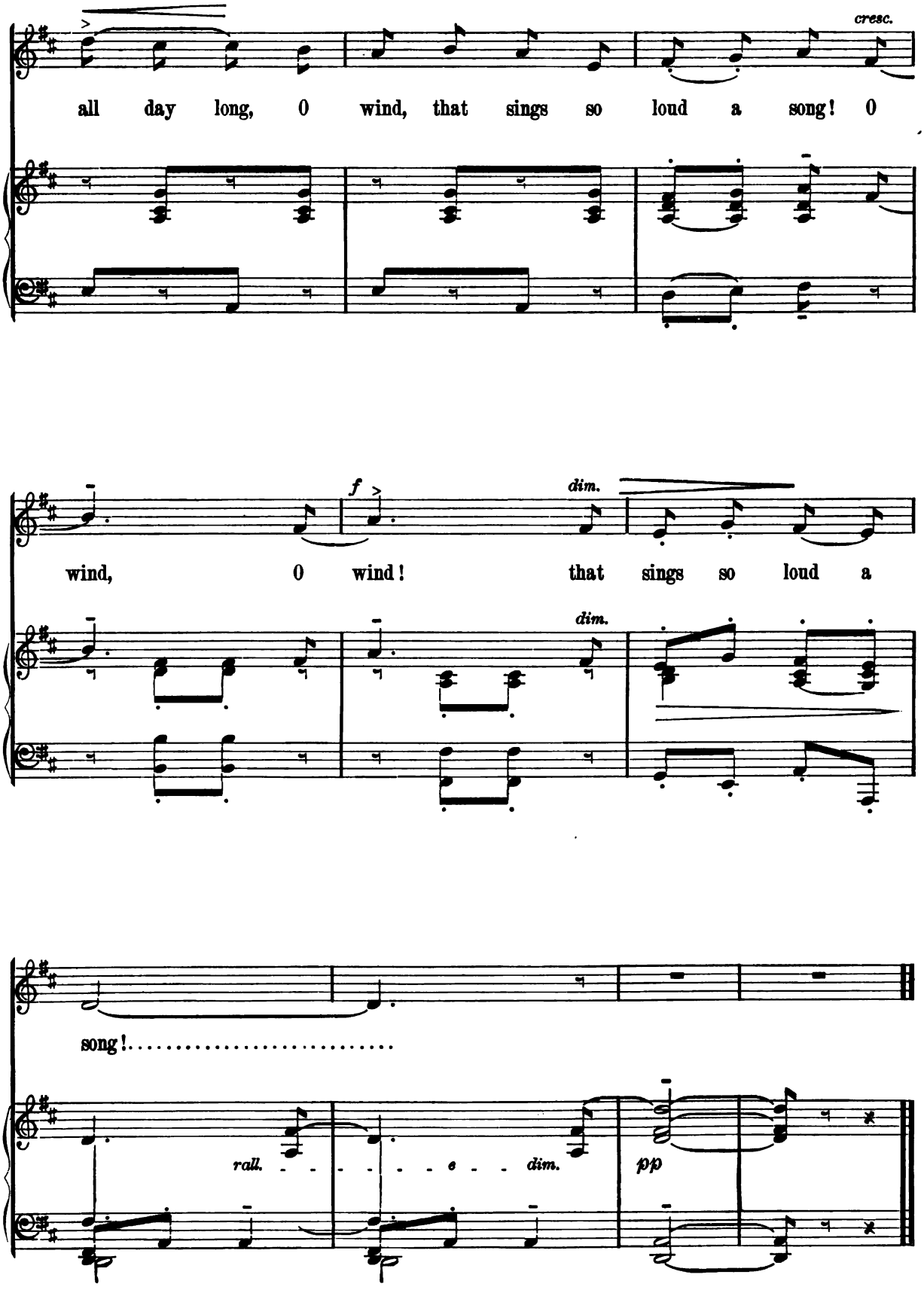

cres.
bout the sky; And all a - round I heard you pass, Like
la - dies' skirts a - cross the grass—
mf
0 wind,..... 0
dim.
Lusingando.
wind,..... 0 wind, a - blow - ing


cresc.
all day long, 0 wind, that sings so loud a song! 0
f
dim.
wind, 0 wind! that sings so loud a
dim.
song! I
mf
saw the dif - f'rent things you did, But al - ways you your -
p


cres.
self you hid. I felt you push, I heard you call, I
could not see your - self at all—
mf
0 wind,..... 0
dim.
Lusingando.
wind,..... 0 wind, a - blow - ing


cresc.
all day long, 0 wind, that sings so loud a song! 0
f
dim.
wind, 0 wind! that sings so loud a
dim.
song!
0
mf
you that are so strong and cold, 0 blow - er, are you
p


cres.
young or old? Are you a beast of field and tree, Or
just a stron - ger child than me?
mf
0 wind, 0
dim.
Lusingando.
wind, 0 wind, a - blow - ing


cresc.
all day long, 0 wind, that sings so loud a song! 0
f
dim.
wind, 0 wind! that sings so loud a
dim.
song!.....
rall. - - - - - - e - - dim.
pp

FOREIGN CHILDREN

LITTLE Indian, Sioux or Crow,
Little frosty Eskimo,
Little Turk or Japanee,
O! don't you wish that you were me?

You have seen the scarlet trees
And the lions over seas;
You have eaten ostrich eggs,
And turned the turtles off their legs.

Such a life is very fine,
But it 's not so nice as mine:
You must often, as you trod,
Have wearied *not* to be abroad.

You have curious things to eat,
I am fed on proper meat;
You must dwell beyond the foam,
But I am safe and live at home.
Little Indian, Sioux or Crow,
Little frosty Eskimo,
Little Turk or Japanee,
O! don't you wish that you were me?

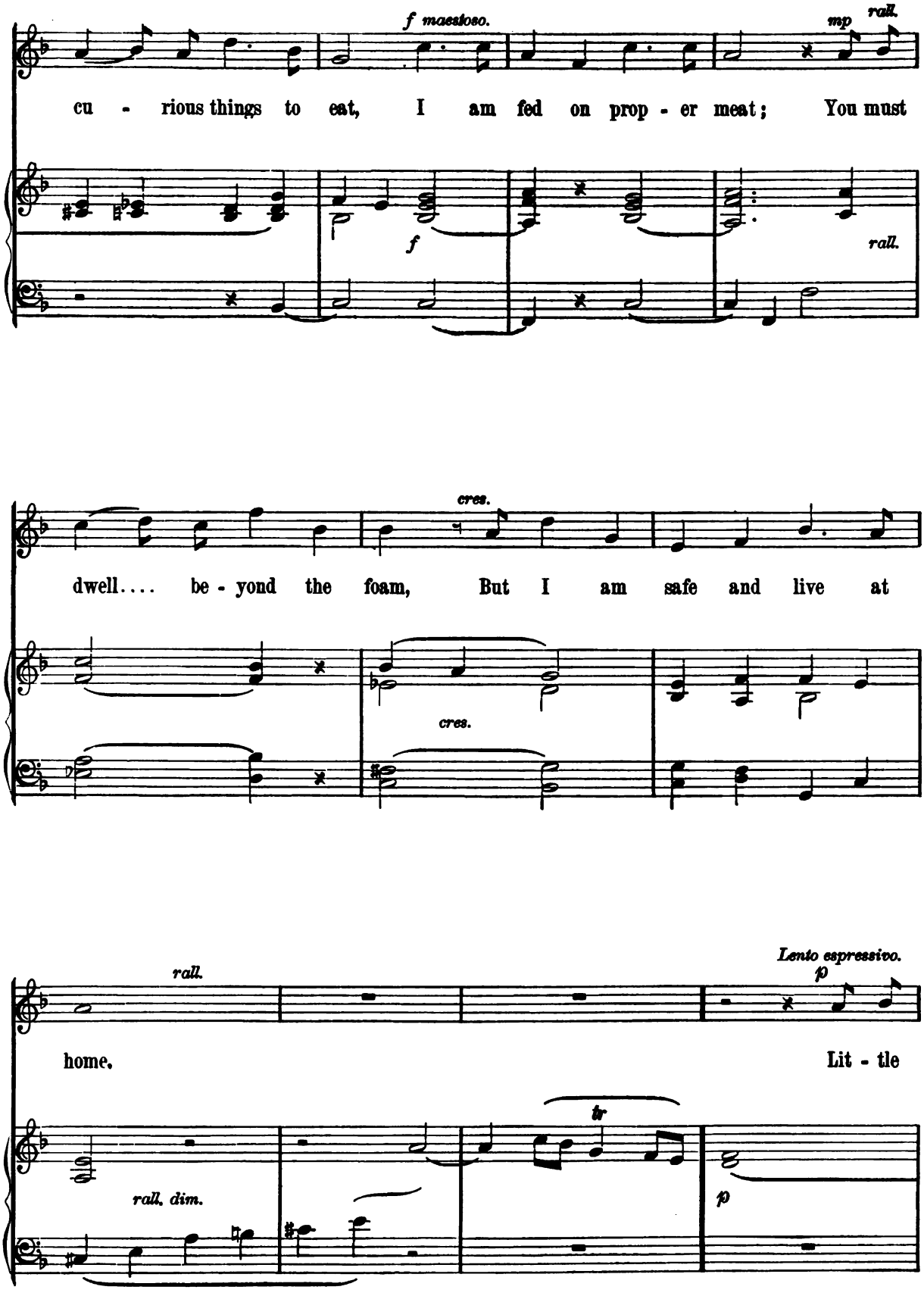
FOREIGN CHILDREN

Music by Dr. C. VILLIERS STANFORD.

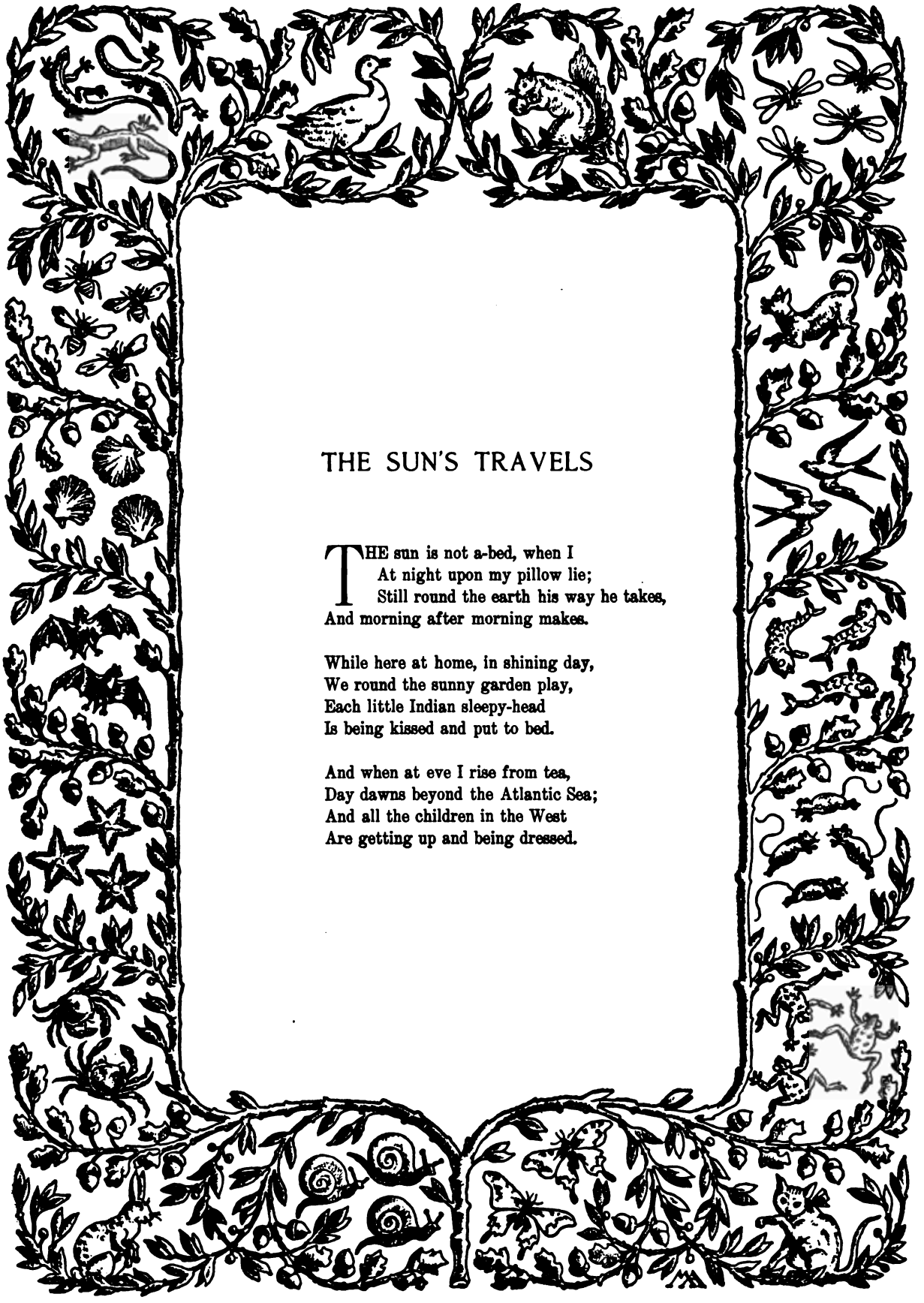



sf
mf Allegretto.
nee, O! don't you wish that you were me? You have
seen.... the scar - let trees And the li - ons o - ver
p
seas; You have eat - en os - trich eggs, And turn'd the
f
mf


mf
tur - tles off their legs. . Such a life.... is ver - y
fine, But it's not so nice as mine: You must oft - en, as you
trod, Have wea - ried not to be a - broad. You have
p


f maestoso.
mp
rall.
cu - rious things to eat, I am fed on prop - er meat; You must
f
rall.
cres.
dwell.... be - yond the foam, But I am safe and live at
cres.
rall.
Lento espressivo.
p
home.
Lit - tle
tr
rall. dim.
p


pp
In - dian, Sioux or Crow;
Lit - tle
tr
rall.
frost - y Es - ki - mo,
Lit - tle
tr
pp
a tempo.
f
Turk or Jap - a - nee, O! don't you wish that you were me?
rall.
f



THE SUN'S TRAVELS

THE sun is not a-bed, when I
At night upon my pillow lie;
Still round the earth his way he takes,
And morning after morning makes.

While here at home, in shining day,
We round the sunny garden play,
Each little Indian sleepy-head
Is being kissed and put to bed.

And when at eve I rise from tea,
Day dawns beyond the Atlantic Sea;
And all the children in the West
Are getting up and being dressed.

THE SUN'S TRAVELS.

Music by ARTHUR FOOTE.



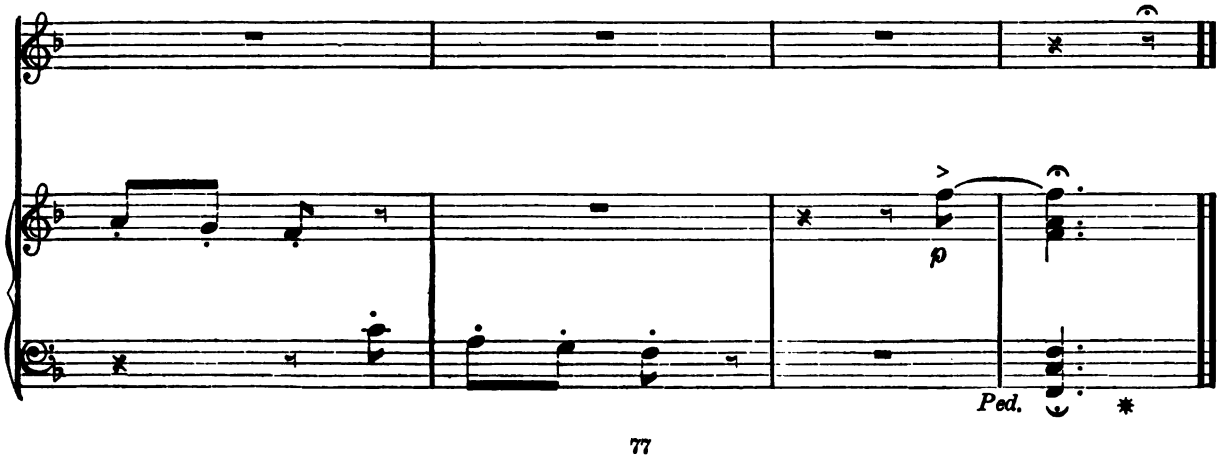

bed, when I At night up - on my pil - low lie; Still
round the earth his way he takes, And morn - ing aft - er
cresc.
morn - - ing makes..... While
p
sf
f
sf
p
Ped.
sf


here at home, in shin - ing day, We round the sun - ny
cresc.
f
p
gar - den play, Each lit - tle In - dian sleep - y - head Is
f
dim.
dim.
rit.
be - ing kissed and put to bed - Is be - ing kissed and
p
colla voce.
pp


put to bed. And when at eve I
tempo. p
espress.
rise from tea, Day dawns be - yond th' At - lan - tic Sea; And
all the chil - dren in the West Are get - ting up and


cres.
be - ing dressed - And all the chil - dren in the West Are
cres.
mf
p


get - ting up and be - ing dressed.
p
f


p
Ped.

MY SHIP AND I

O IT 'S I that am the captain of a tidy little ship,
Of a ship that goes a-sailing on the pond;
And my ship it keeps a-turning all around and all about;
But when I 'm a little older, I shall find the secret out
How to send my vessel sailing on beyond.

For I mean to grow as little as the dolly at the helm,
And the dolly I intend to come alive;
And with him beside to help me, it 's a-sailing I shall go,
It 's a-sailing on the water, when the jolly breezes blow
And the vessel goes a divie-divie-dive.

O it 's then you 'll see me sailing through the rushes and the reeds,
And you 'll hear the water singing at the prow;
For beside the dolly sailor, I 'm to voyage and explore,
To land upon the island where no dolly was before,
And to fire the penny cannon in the bow.

MY SHIP AND I.

Music by Dr. C. VILLIERS STANFORD.

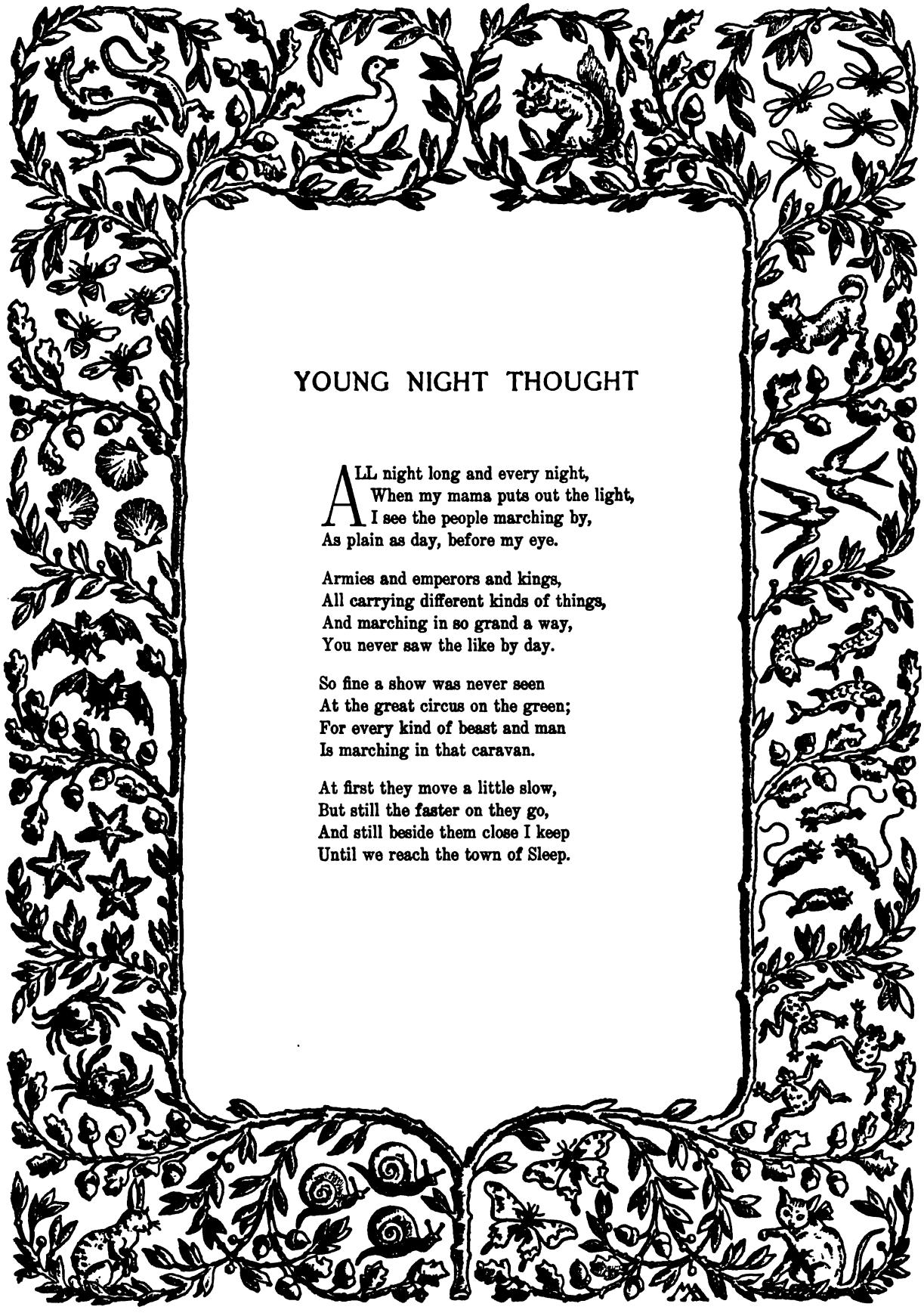



cres.
p
ship it keeps a - turn - ing all a - round and all a - bout; But when
cres.
p
rall. un poco.
a tempo.
I'm a lit - tle old - er, I shall find the se - cret out.....
a tempo.
colla voce.
cres.
How to send my ves - sel sail - ing on be -
f
yond.
3
3


mf
sf
For I mean to grow as lit - tle as the dol - ly at the helm,
sf
p
And the dol - ly I in - tend to come a - live; And with
cres.
him be - side to help me, it's a - sail - ing I shall go, It's a -
cres.
p
p
rall. un poco.
a tempo.
sail - ing on the wa - ter, when the jol - ly breez - es blow,... .....
a tempo.
colla voce.
cres.


And the ves - sel goes a - di - vie - di - vie -
f
dive.
O it's
then you'll see me sail - ing thro' the rush - es and the reeds, And you'll
hear the wa - ter sing - ing at the prow; For be -


cres.
side the dol - ly sail - or, I'm to voy - age and ex - plore, To
cres.
p
rall. un poco.
a tempo.
land up - on the isl - and where no dol - ly was be - fore,.....
colla voce.
a tempo.
.....
And to fire the pen - ny can - non in the
sf
bow.
p rall. molto.
3
3
sf



YOUNG NIGHT THOUGHT

ALL night long and every night,
When my mama puts out the light,
I see the people marching by,
As plain as day, before my eye.

Armies and emperors and kings,
All carrying different kinds of things,
And marching in so grand a way,
You never saw the like by day.

So fine a show was never seen
At the great circus on the green;
For every kind of beast and man
Is marching in that caravan.

At first they move a little slow,
But still the faster on they go,
And still beside them close I keep
Until we reach the town of Sleep.

YOUNG NIGHT THOUGHT.

Music by ARTHUR FOOTE.

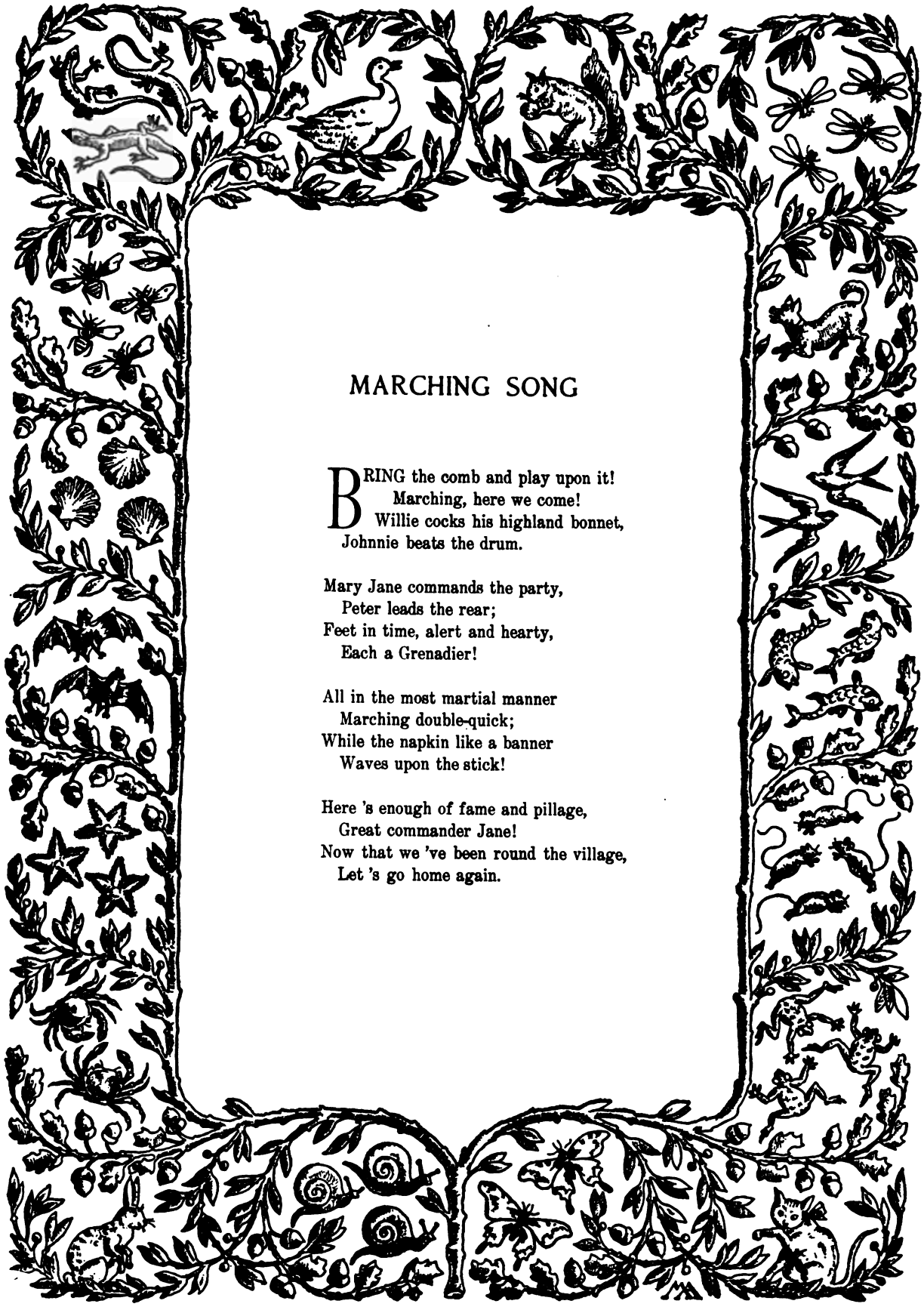



I see the peo - - ple march - - ing by,
mf
f
As plain as day, be - fore my eye.
p
mf
Ar - mies and em - per - ors and kings,
mf
p
All car - rying dif - f'rent kinds of things,
mf
cresc.
f


p
And march - ing in so grand a way, You
mf
f
nev - er saw the like by day.
pp rit.
mf
So fine a show was nev - er seen
mf
f
Ped.
*
At the great cir - cus on the green;
f
ff
Ped.
*


For ev - ery kind of beast and man Is
ff
rit.
p tempo.
march - ing in that car - a - van. At
rit.
first, they move a lit - tle slow, But
p tempo.
still the fast - er on they go,


And still be - side them close I keep
p
p dim.
dolce.
Un - til
pp
we reach the town of Sleep.....
una corda.
Ped.
ritard al fine.
ad libitum.
Ped.



MARCHING SONG

BRING the comb and play upon it!
Marching, here we come!
Willie cocks his highland bonnet,
Johnnie beats the drum.

Mary Jane commands the party,
Peter leads the rear;
Feet in time, alert and hearty,
Each a Grenadier!

All in the most martial manner
Marching double-quick;
While the napkin like a banner
Waves upon the stick!

Here 's enough of fame and pillage,
Great commander Jane!
Now that we 've been round the village,
Let 's go home again.

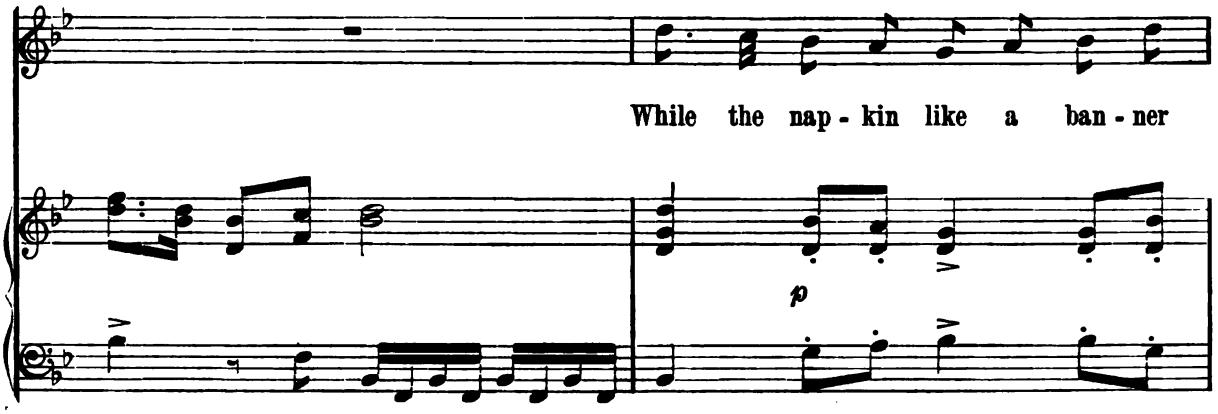
MARCHING SONG.

Music by Dr. C. VILLIERS STANFORD.




Wil - lie cocks his high-land bon - net,
John - - nie beats the drum:
Ma - ry Jane com-mands the par - ty, Pe - ter leads the rear;

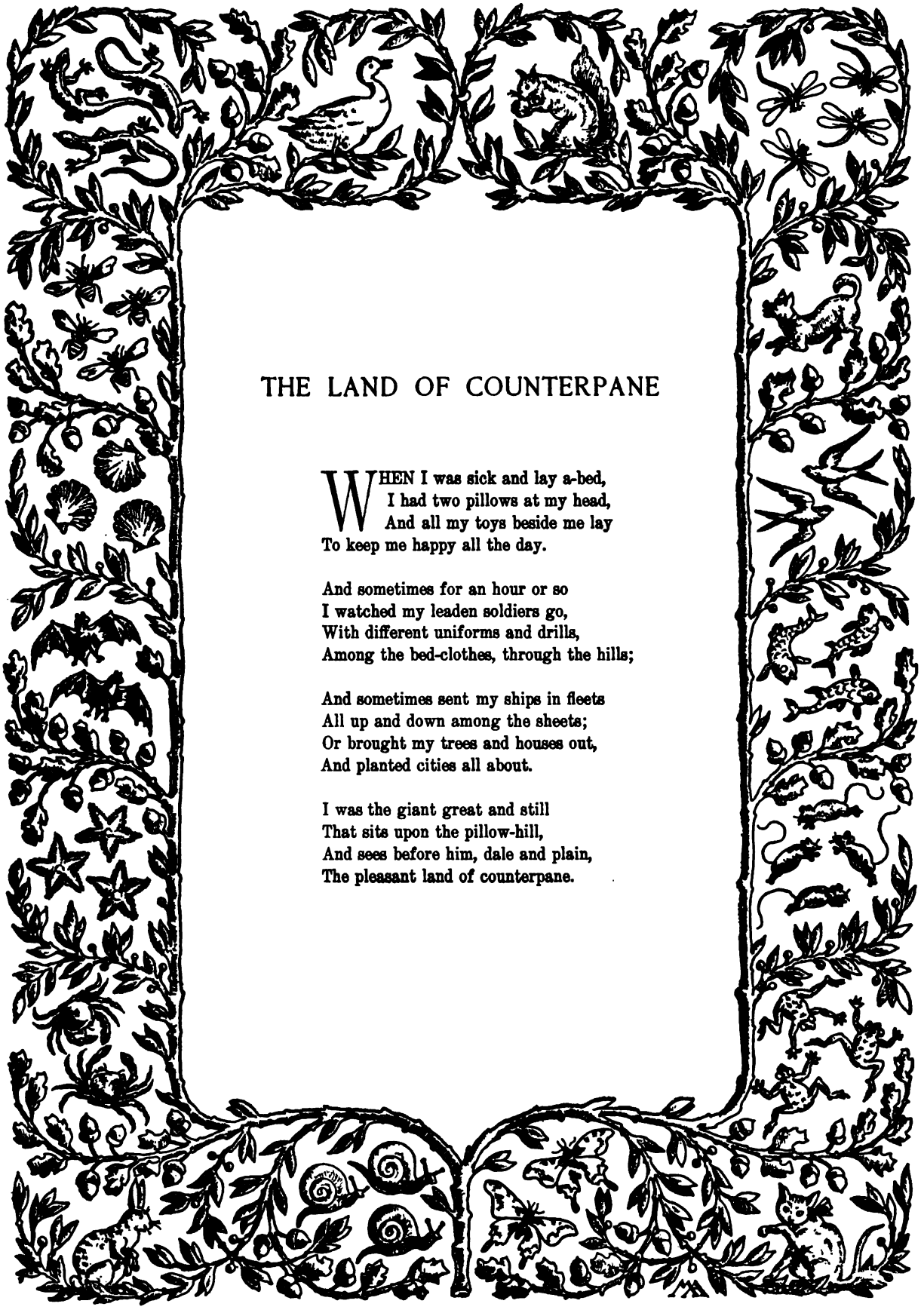

Feet in time, a - lert and heart - y, Each a Gren - a - dier!
All in the most mar - tial man - ner, March - ing dou - ble - quick;
p
f


While the nap - kin like a ban - ner
p


Waves..... up - on the stick!


Here's e - nough of fame and pil - lage, Great com - man - der Jane!


Now that we've been round the vil - lage, Let's go home..... a -
dim.
gain.
dim. sempre.



THE LAND OF COUNTERPANE

WHEN I was sick and lay a-bed,
I had two pillows at my head,
And all my toys beside me lay
To keep me happy all the day.

And sometimes for an hour or so
I watched my leaden soldiers go,
With different uniforms and drills,
Among the bed-clothes, through the hills;

And sometimes sent my ships in fleets
All up and down among the sheets;
Or brought my trees and houses out,
And planted cities all about.

I was the giant great and still
That sits upon the pillow-hill,
And sees before him, dale and plain,
The pleasant land of counterpane.

THE LAND OF COUNTERPANE.

Music by G. W. CHADWICK.

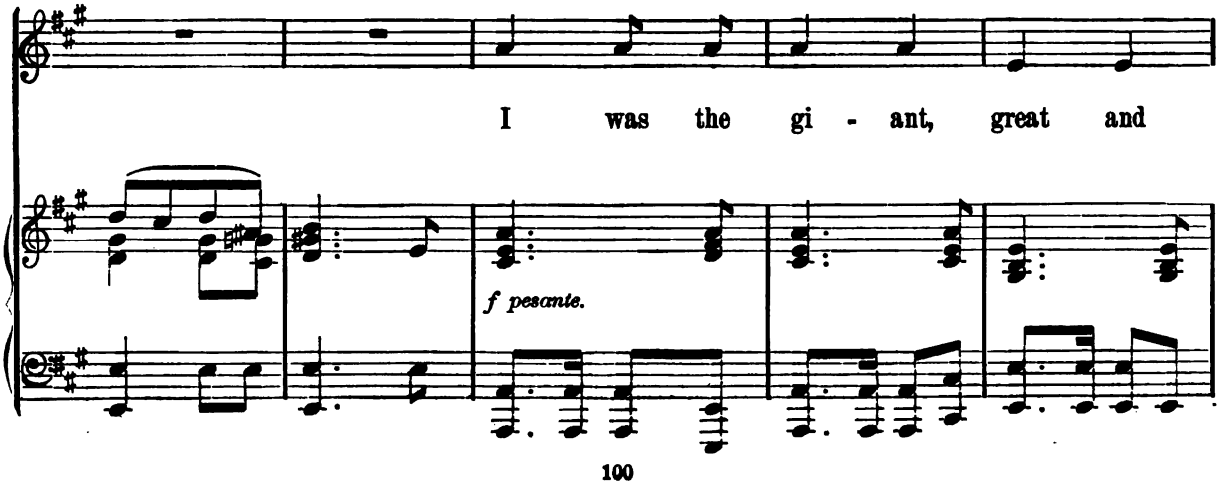



side me lay To keep me hap - py all the..
day. And some - times,
p
f
for an hour or so, I watched my lead - en
3
3

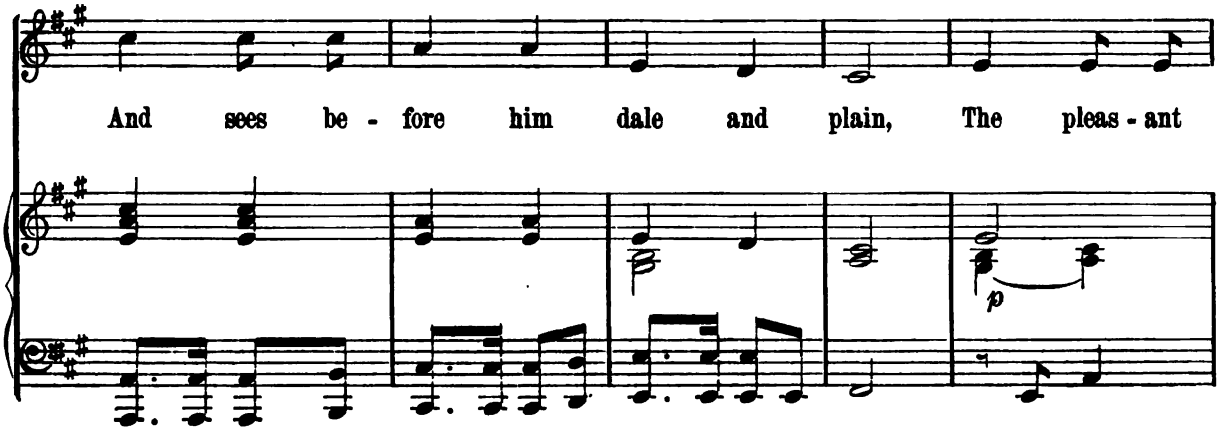

sol - diers go, With dif - f'rent u - ni - forms and
drills, A - mong the bed - clothes, through the hills; And
some - times sent my ships.. in.... fleets, All up and


down a - mong the.... sheets; Or brought my trees and

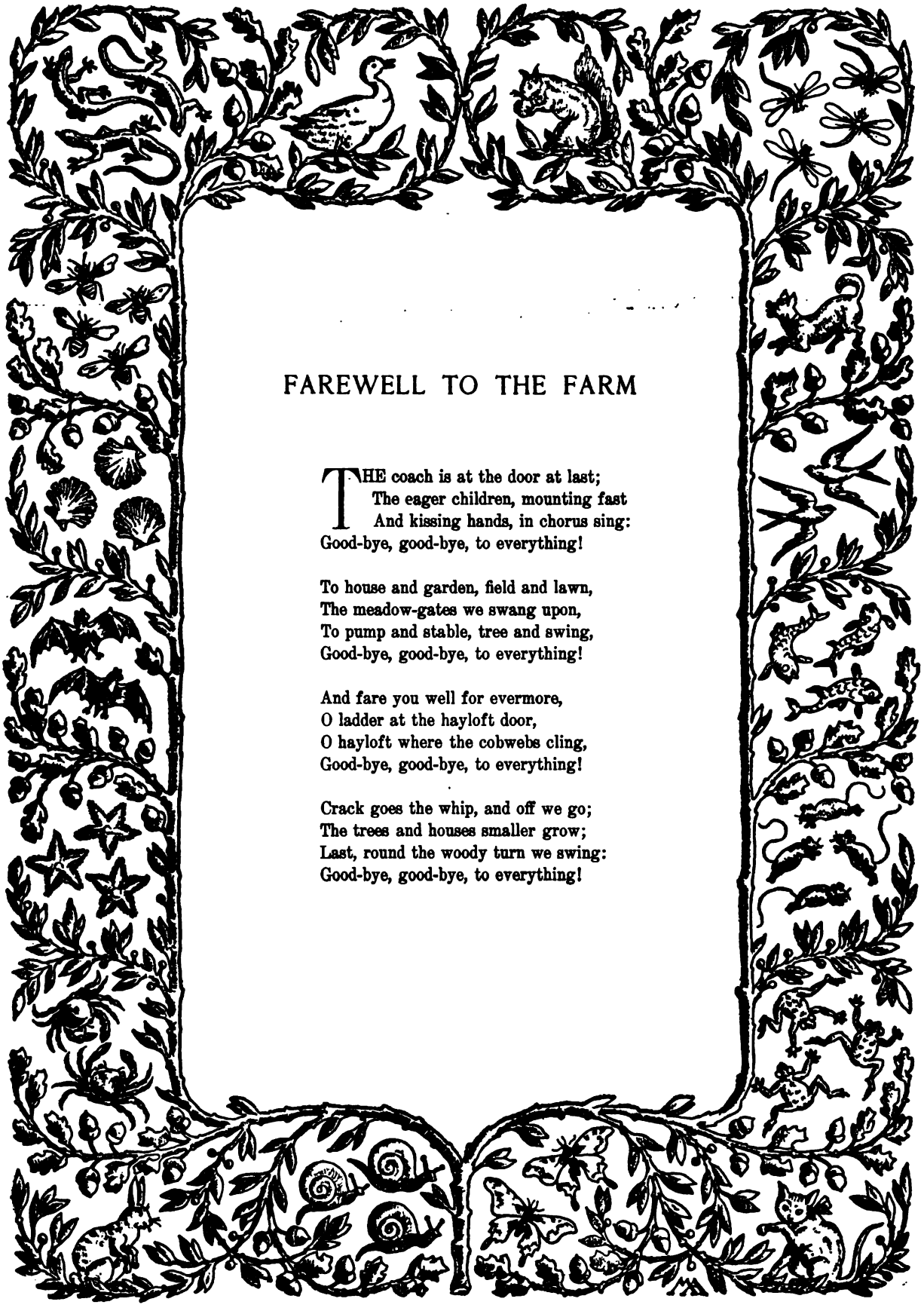

hous - es.. out, And plant - ed.. cit - ies all.. a - bout.


I was the gi - ant, great and
f pesante.


still, That sits up - on the pil - low hill,.....
p


And sees be - fore him dale and plain, The pleas - ant
p


land of coun - ter - pane.
pp



FAREWELL TO THE FARM

THE coach is at the door at last;
The eager children, mounting fast
And kissing hands, in chorus sing:
Good-bye, good-bye, to everything!

To house and garden, field and lawn,
The meadow-gates we swang upon,
To pump and stable, tree and swing,
Good-bye, good-bye, to everything!

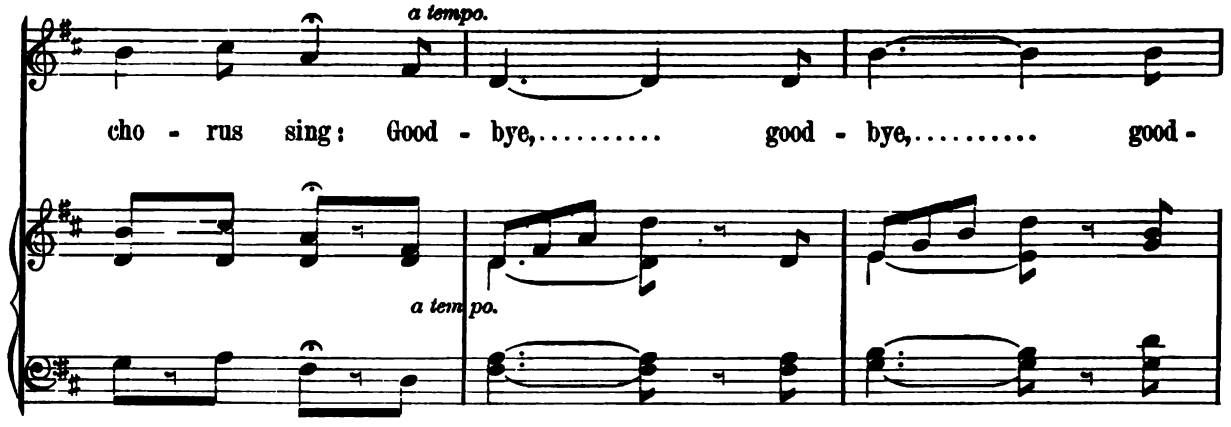
And fare you well for evermore,
O ladder at the hayloft door,
O hayloft where the cobwebs cling,
Good-bye, good-bye, to everything!

Crack goes the whip, and off we go;
The trees and houses smaller grow;
Last, round the woody turn we swing:
Good-bye, good-bye, to everything!

FAREWELL TO THE FARM.

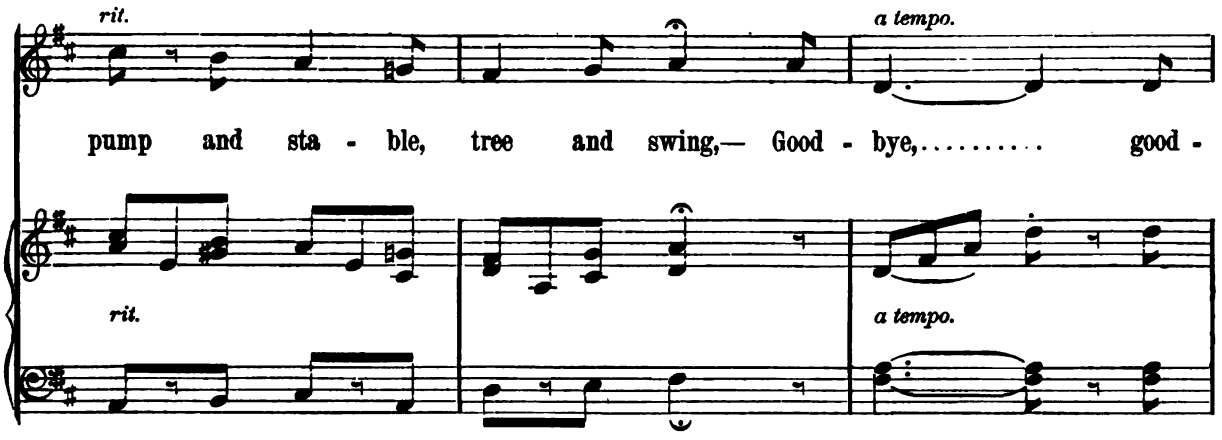
Music by G. W. CHADWICK.

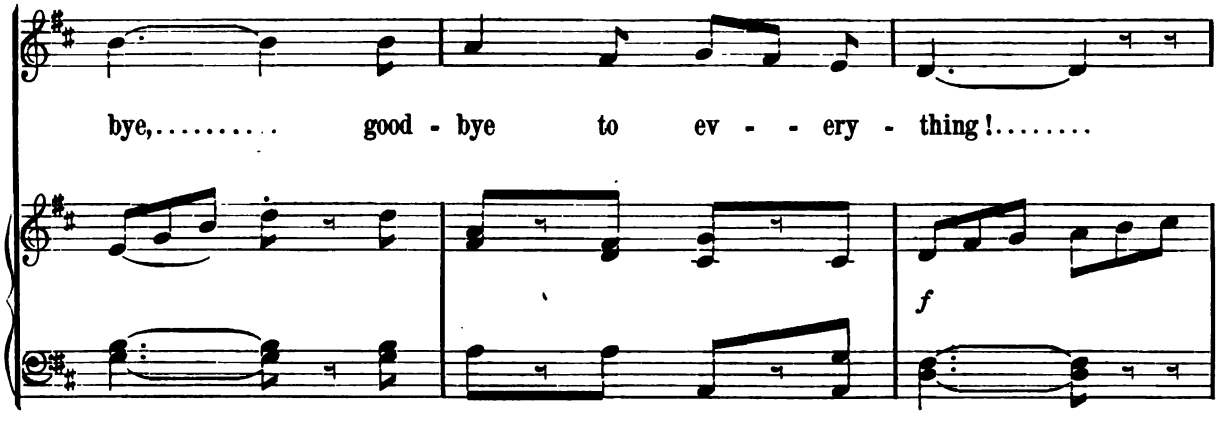



a tempo.
cho - rus sing: Good - bye,..... good - bye,..... good -
a tempo.


bye to ev - ery - thing!..... To house and gar - den,


field and lawn, The mead - ow gates we swang up - on; To


rit.
a tempo.
pump and sta - ble, tree and swing,— Good - bye,..... good -
rit.
a tempo.


bye,..... good - bye to ev - - ery - thing!.....
f

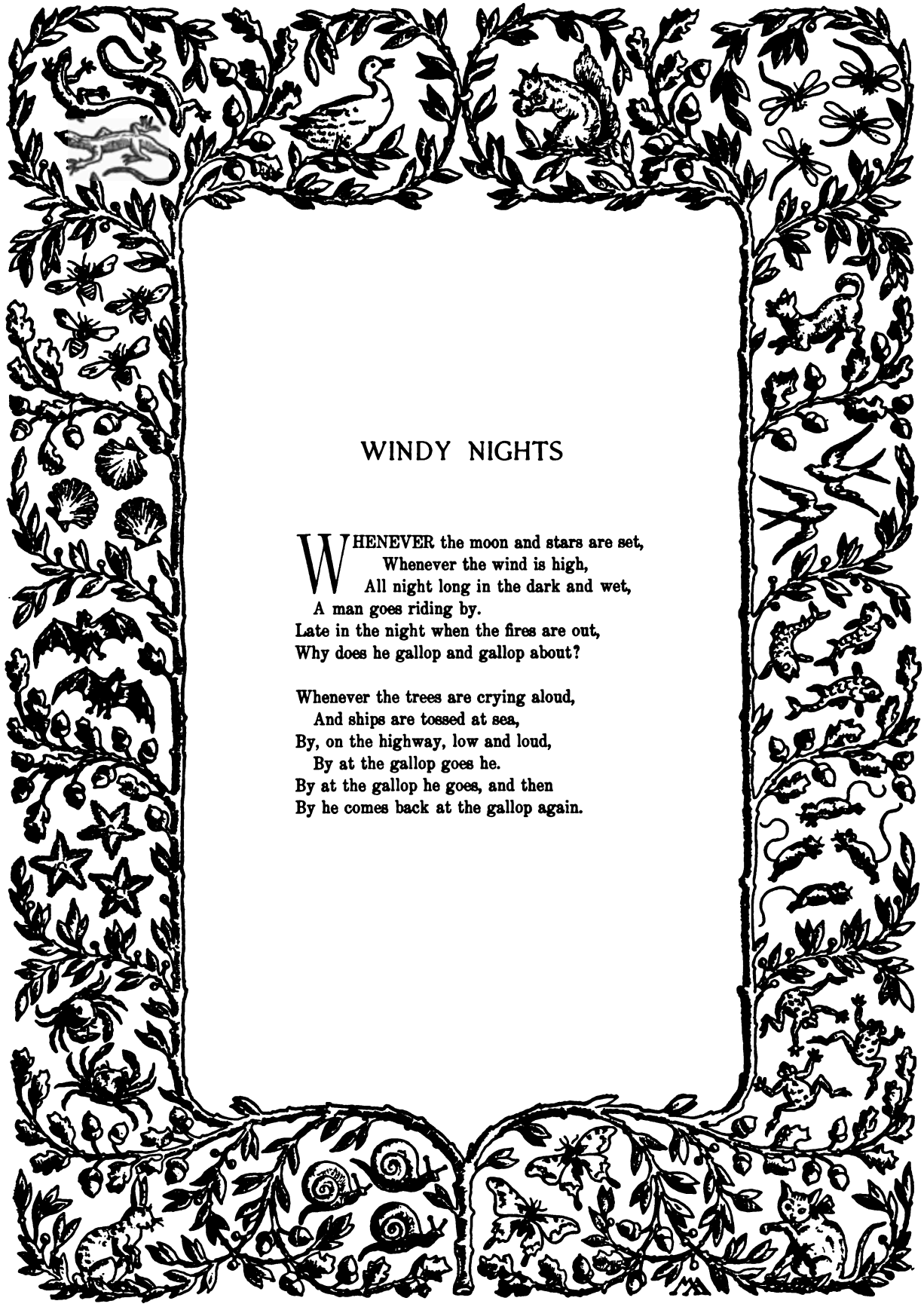

And


meno mosso.
fare you well for ev - er - more, O lad - der at the
rit.
hay - loft door; O hay - loft, where the cob - webs cling,— Good -
rit.
a tempo.
bye,..... good - bye,..... good - bye to ev - ery - thing!....
a tempo.


Crack goes the whip, and off... we go: The trees and hous - es


rit.
small - er grow; Last, round the wood - y turn we swing: Good -
rit.


a tempo.
bye,..... good - bye,..... good - bye to ev - ery - thing!....
a tempo.
sf



WINDY NIGHTS

WHENEVER the moon and stars are set,
Whenever the wind is high,
All night long in the dark and wet,
A man goes riding by.
Late in the night when the fires are out,
Why does he gallop and gallop about?

Whenever the trees are crying aloud,
And ships are tossed at sea,
By, on the highway, low and loud,
By at the gallop goes he.
By at the gallop he goes, and then
By he comes back at the gallop again.

WINDY NIGHTS.

Music by Dr. C. VILLIERS STANFORD.




p
Late in the night when the fires are out, Why does he gal - lop and
p
gal - lop a - bout?..... When -
p
cresc.
e - ver the trees are cry - ing a - loud, And ships are toss'd at
cresc.
sea, By, on the high - way,


low and.... loud, By at the gal - lop goes he.
p
p
By at the gal - lop he goes, and then
By he comes back at the gal - lop a - gain.....
p
dim.

THE LAND OF STORY-BOOKS

AT evening when the lamp is lit,
Around the fire my parents sit;
They sit at home and talk and sing,
And do not play at anything.

Now, with my little gun, I crawl
All in the dark along the wall,
And follow round the forest track
Away behind the sofa back.

There, in the night, where none can spy,
All in my hunter's camp I lie,
And play at books that I have read
Till it is time to go to bed.

These are the hills, these are the woods,
These are my starry solitudes;
And there the river by whose brink
The roaring lions come to drink.

I see the others far away
As if in firelit camp they lay,
And I, like to an Indian scout,
Around their party prowled about.

So, when my nurse comes in for me,
Home I return across the sea,
And go to bed with backward looks
At my dear land of Story-books.

THE LAND OF STORY-BOOKS.

Music by HOMER N. BARTLETT. Op. 167. No. 1.




sit;..... They sit at home and talk and
Ped.
*
sing, And do not play at a - ny - thing.....
piu mosso.
Ped.
*
Ped.
f
Now with my lit - tle gun, I crawl, All in the
f
*


f
dark a - long the wall,..... And fol - low 'round the for - est
Ped.
f
cres.
track, A - way be - hind the so - fa back.....
cres.
piu animato.
Ped.
p
con espress.
There in the night where none can
poco rall.
dim.
sotto voce.
p


spy, All in my hun - ter's camp I lie, ... And
play at books that I have read, Till it is time to go to
bed..... These are the hills, these are the
Ped.
*
woods, These are my star - ry sol - i - tudes;.....
Ped.


And there the riv - er, by whose brink The roar - ing
f
li - ons come to drink. (LION ROARS.)
un poco agitato.
f
cres.
ed
ac
cel - ler - an - do.
sfz
I see the oth - ers
sfz
mf


far a - way, As if in fire - lit camp they lay. And
p
I,..... like to an In - dian scout, A - round their par - ty
cres.
cres.
rall.
prowled a - bout.
(PROWLING ABOUT.)
piu animato.
rall.
misterioso.
So when my nurse comes in for
p
rall.
rit.
p e
tranquillo.


poco rit.
me, Home I re - turn a - cross the sea,
poco rit.
Ped.
piu lento.
And go to bed with back-ward looks, At my dear
piu lento.
f
land.... of Sto - ry - books,
f
Ped.
piu mosso.
lento.
rall.

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